Vol. CXLIV. No. 1878.

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THE BYSTANDER December 13, 1939

The BYSTANDER

Restaurant Guide: "Old Bill"

"Sanity Fare," by Douglas Reed

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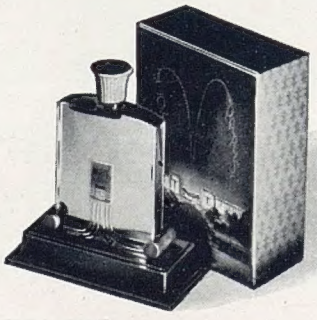
3001/P "Paris" Perfume. Standard model. Elegant bottle with Blue cap on cushioned platform. 20/-



3953/S Coffret containing "Air Spun" vanity, large bottle of Coty Perfume and new Lipstick. The perfumes in this presentation are Le Muguet and Le Nouveau Gardenia. 30/-

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The Bystander, December 13, 1939 No. 1878. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

Angus McBean

Dorothy Dickson in "Second Helping"

Ivor Novello's farcical comedy, "designed merely to amuse," became another item in Greater London's wartime menu of farces, light comedies, revues, last week, when it opened at Streatham Hill. It has been touring the provinces for the last month. Dorothy Dickson and Isabel Jeans are the two leading ladies, and the author, who is also presenting it, plays the part of a gossip-column peer

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

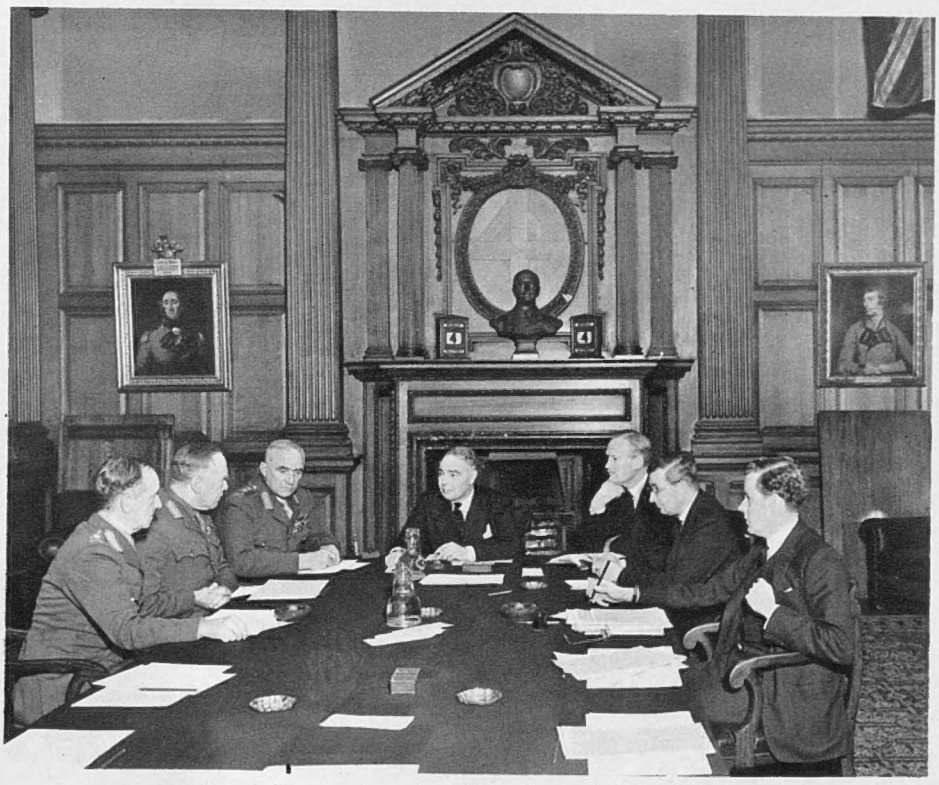
By A. G. Macdonell

I AM fully aware of the fact that 98·5 per cent. of my readers are among the most intelligent and highly educated people in this country. It is for the rest—the miserable rabble—that I print the following paragraph. Finland became an independent Republic in 1918. Since 1809 it had been a Grand Duchy under the Tsars of Russia, and for 500 years before that it had been under Sweden. Through all this time it preserved its own language and its own racial characteristics. It has no connection whatever with the Scandinavian countries. In fact, it is more nearly allied to Turkish, Hungarian and Mongolian races. Its greatest citizen alive to-day is Jan Sibelius, photographs of whom were published in the BYSTANDER a few weeks ago.

THE Finnish war for independence in 1918 was fought by the Whites or Patriots against the Reds. It was a desperate struggle for some time, with the Whites maintaining themselves among the lakes and forests, and the Reds holding most of the seaboard. Then a German expedition arrived, partly to defeat the Reds, and partly for fear that the British expedition to Murmansk might occupy Finland. The Germans, with their usual efficiency and organisation, cleaned up the seaboard in no time, and the Whites, coming south from the forests, cut the vital railway from Viborg to Leningrad, and Finland became free.

IN this Finnish war of independence of 1918 there were two main strategical points and, like all strategical points, they are as important to-day as they were then. They are the narrow strip along the south where the ports and the railways and the industries are situated; and secondly, the forest country. There is no doubt whatever that the Soviet could occupy, or destroy (or both) the southern strip, but the forests may well prove to be to the Soviet what Spain was to Napoleon.

ANOTHER piece of information for the uneducated rabble who keep on asking questions is that Sweden has not been at war since 1815. The last time that Swedish troops fought was against France, when the Crown Prince, who had formerly been a sergeant-major in the French regiment of Royal la Marine, and after that French Ambassador in Vienna, and after that a Marshal of the Empire, led a Swedish army against Napoleon in the campaign of Leipzig, and helped to occupy Paris after Waterloo. He was, of course, the Gascon swashbuckler, Bernadotte.



***The Army Council** had its first official picture taken last week in the Conference Room at the War Office: (l. to r.) Lieut.-Gen. Sir Walter Venning, Q.M.G., General Sir Robert Gordon Finlayson, Adjutant-General; General Sir Edmund Ironside, C.I.G.S.; Mr. Hore-Belisha; Viscount Cobham, Parliamentary Under-Secretary; Sir James Grigg, Permanent Under-Secretary; and Sir Victor Warrender, M.P., Financial Secretary. The presiding bust on the mantel is of F.-M. Lord Allenby*

IT is officially stated that M. Maisky's illness had nothing to do with his decision not to go to Geneva for the meeting of the League Council. And naturally we hasten to accept unreservedly this statement. But we must put it on the records that M. Maisky's illness is by far the most fortunate in the annals of sick diplomats. M. Maisky was due to preside over the Council of the League at which the representative of Poland was sitting, and at which the Argentine tabled their motion to expel Russia from the League because of its aggression against Finland. This would have been altogether a tricky little situation. But M. Maisky was prepared to face it like a man. Unhappily, a terrible germ struck him down, and he was seriously ill for at least an hour, thus making the journey out of the question. Let us all wish him a speedy recovery, but not, of course, too speedy. Not until the meeting of the Council is over, I mean.

THE German Press continues to attack Sweden, and this is one of the most sinister developments of Baltic diplomacy. It would look at first sight as if Soviet aggression in the north must hit Germany hard, but there may be a subterranean agreement by which the Soviet may stop short of attacking Sweden and Norway, and leave them as a Nazi sphere of influence. The Press attack on a neutral country is, as we all know, the prelude to more violent action these days. One thing is certain. Germany cannot afford to let the Swedish iron ore fall into Soviet hands. She has already been defeated in the race for the Polish oil-wells, and she cannot risk a second defeat.

THE United States is going to devote the money which Finland pays regularly in discharge of its War Debt for the relief of Finnish refugees. For years, Finland's punctuality in paying its War Debt has been used as a weapon with which to attack Great Britain. Actually, when this country was paying its interest every year to America, the American industrialists insisted on a prohibitive tariff being put on British goods, so that the payment of the money became impossible. On the other hand Finland had large supplies of wood-pulp which America badly wanted, and so Finland's War Debt was paid by exporting this pulp.

IT seems likely that the Ministry of Supply will not be the only target when the House of Commons meets in secret session. The Ministry of Economic Warfare is rapidly becoming a first-class political scandal. Both on the home front and on the real front the Economic Warfare boys have plunged from muddle to muddle, and the result is an infinitesimal improvement in unemployment figures and steadily decreasing exports. It is, of course, admitted on all sides that the job of the Ministry is extremely difficult and complicated, but it may well be asked why the Minister should be Mr. Cross, and why Lord Stamp is only a part-time adviser. Actually Lord Stamp should be the Minister, with a seat in the War Cabinet. And if he was the Minister, do you

(*Concluded on page* 308)

The King at the Front

Cold and rain marked the first royal visit to the war

Last week the King moved up to look at his side of the stalemated ranks of pawns, castles and knights which make the front line of battle, 1939. Out of the numerous pictures in which he and the wet always figure, we have chosen a visit to a forward trench and an inspection of impassive poilus

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 306)

suppose that Mr. Cross would be his adviser? Somehow I doubt it.

THE resignations from the Ministry of Information continue, but, by an odd coincidence, almost all the resignations are coming from men with practical experience of journalism. The Civil Servants and the place-hunters cling desperately to their posts. At the time of writing, it has not yet been announced whether Sir Walter Monckton's resignation is to be accepted. If it is, Mr. Fish and Mr. Tom Clarke, famous journalists, intend to walk out with him.

LAST week I suggested that the German Messerschmitt is not much good, and mentioned that the British bomber is built, unlike the German bomber, to defend itself against enemy fighters. Remarkable proof of this comes to hand from the raid on Heligoland. The British bombers were not accompanied by fighters, but they shot down the only Messerschmitt fighter which tried to attack them.

MR. C. B. COCHRAN has added his powerful voice to the campaign which is steadily growing for the production of serious plays in wartime. Already Mr. J. B. Priestley has taken the lead, as usual, by sending his Westminster company down to do *Dangerous Corner*, in an Air Force hangar, to the troops. I am certain that Mr. Cochran and Mr. Priestley are right. It is a great mistake to think of the theatre in the last war in terms of *A Little Bit of Fluff* and *Chu Chin Chow*. *Dear Brutus*, for example, was first produced in 1917. Two of Brieux's plays were a great success also, and the serious drama was by no means under a cloud between 1914 and 1918. At the moment, the West End is littered with dismal farces, while *Music at Night* has drawn crowded houses through the black-out to an unfrequented part of Westminster.

BY the way, I made a mistake last week in saying that Mr. Esmé Percy has already begun his cabaret show at the Nell Gwynn block of flats. I now learn that he is not beginning until a little nearer Christmas.

LLEWELLYN POWYS is dead after years of illness. He was one of four extraordinary brothers, T. F., J. C., and A. R. being the others. The first three devoted themselves to literature with an intensity and sincerity that has rarely, if ever, been equalled in our time. They never cared anything for public opinion or sales or critics. All that mattered was intellectual and artistic integrity. The fourth, A. R., was for many years the dearly-loved secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. "The Bear," as he was called, fought more gallant battles on the Vandal Front than any man of his generation. All four of them had a strange Welsh streak of genius.

***A macon and mam brunch party** was given at the Savoy last week, and taster-in-chief was F. A. MacQuisten, M.P., champion of macon in the House of Commons. He said he ate it first thirty years ago at a Scottish shooting lunch—"a very fine food." The party was given by the firm who have been experimenting with the curing of mutton in bacon form and ham form*

THE defeat of Scotland by England at Soccer last week was a sad blow to northern pride. But the disappointment was somehow tempered when it was realised that the perfidious Sassenach had pulled yet another fast one over the simple sons of the mountains. Two of the Englishmen were hurt in a motor accident before the match started, and the wily Anglo-Saxons pressed into their service a Scotsman as one of the substitutes. Probably the poor chap was not even told what the match was all about. More than likely he was under the impression that he was playing in a friendly match between New Brighton and Ramsgate.

A FEW weeks ago I described a trip which I made through the streets of Oxford in a pony-trap. Last week I sank even lower in the social scale and went bicycling through the lanes of Buckinghamshire. I had forgotten how extremely unpleasant bicycling can be. Even if the sun was shining, and there was no world war, and Income Tax was one and twopence, and the Gaiety Chorus were also in the party, bicycling still would be a detestable pastime.

A YOUNG lady of my acquaintance rang me up while I was in the middle of compiling this incomparable page for your benefit, and asked me to look up in the dictionary the word "modesty." She had been accused by a boy friend of lacking this quality, and she wanted to know what modesty was. It appears she had never heard of it. I was able to read to her the definition provided by the New English Dictionary: "Womanly propriety of behaviour; scrupulous chastity of thought, speech, and conduct; reserve or sense of shame proceeding from instinctive aversion to impure or coarse suggestions." There was a long, thoughtful pause, and then she rang off.

***Chopsticks** were naturally obligatory at the China Society's lunch for Sir Denison Ross last week. The great Orientalist includes chopstick technique in his encyclopædic knowledge, and showed his neighbour, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Cochrane Baillie, how to eat neatly. The occasion of the lunch was Sir Denison Ross's retirement from chairmanship of the Society, because of his imminent departure for a diplomatic post: he was not allowed to disclose where he was going*

***A tea-party** and at-home was given by the Finnish Minister and Mme. Gripenberg last Wednesday for the Finnish colony—Finnish Independence Day. Some of the guests wore their national costume. M. Gripenberg has been Minister here since 1932. His wife, who is English, has been working hard for the Finnish Red Cross, which two days after the Russian attack was able to send a consignment of medical stores and drugs by aeroplanes to Finland*

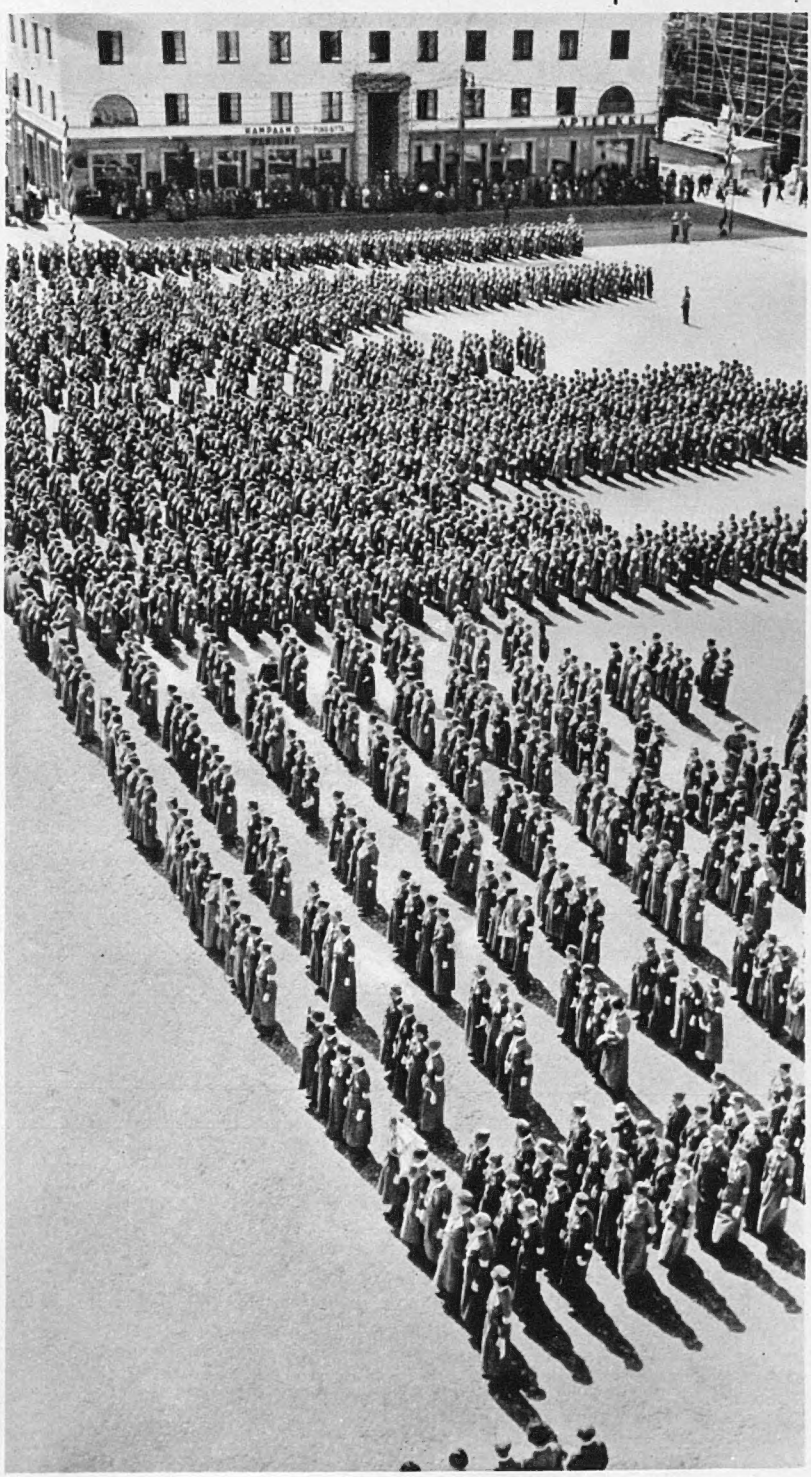
Dr. Ryti and Professor Cajander

Finland had been hovering on the edge of the big news ever since the Russian bear lumbered out of his cage. While the Baltic States fell one after another under Russian tutelage, Finland alone refused to submit to the hug. At last, as November went out, the uneasily expected headlines appeared, and one more undeclared war had begun. Within twenty-four hours the Cabinet, sitting in an air-raid shelter, had reconstituted itself: A. K. Cajander, the forester Premier, and Eljas Erkko, Foreign Minister, were replaced by Risto Ryti and Väinö Tanner, heading a group of business men and bankers. Dr. Ryti, K.C.V.O., seen here with his predecessor, was not a man to please the Soviets; governor of the Bank of Finland since 1924, his reputation with international capitalist finance was high, due partly to his policy of war-debt payment and non-inflation (the Finmark is pegged to sterling). Graduate of Helsinki in law, he practised as a barrister 1909-19 (under the Tsar), was Finance Minister, 1921-24, in the Republic's first Cabinet, speaks Russian, Swedish, French, English, made a reputation as a sprinter and long jumper when younger. On the next two pages are pictures of the men and women who, with Ryti and his Cabinet, took up the Russian challenge on December 1st

Defenders of Finland

On the anniversary of their independence they were fighting for it

WOMEN



The Lotta Svärd are the F.A.N.Y.s of Finland

Twenty-two years ago last Wednesday Finland proclaimed her independence. She had driven out the Bolsheviks and so emerged as a unit after eight centuries of incorporation in foreign empires. As the anniversary approached this year there were not the usual peaceful preparations to fête it. On the contrary, the defence forces of the sub-arctic republic were fully mobilised and on the day itself they were fighting once more for sovereignty. These forces included one of the best organised semi-military companies of women in the world—the Lotta Svärd, numbering 100,000, all volunteers (the population is 4,000,000). Some are seen on parade above

Mr. and Mrs. Sumelius are a typical Finnish couple. He, owner of a paper factory, is a district leader of the Civic Guards, a volunteer reserve 100,000 strong; she is district leader of the Lotta Svärd. Her first husband was killed in the War of Independence (1917-18); Mr. Sumelius was imprisoned then. So, like many compatriots, they had personal reasons for disliking Russia beyond their hatred of her as aggressor

A canteen unit in the War of Independence was the origin of the Lotta Svärd. The organisation's duties were later expanded to cover telephone, clerical, nursing, and A.R.P. work as well as field kitchens like this. The State rewarded its women by giving them, first in the world, suffrage and representation

The Red Hussars of Lapeeranta are Finland's only cavalry

The Red Hussars—who get their nickname from their red breeches—had headquarters at Lapeeranta, East Finland, 180 miles from the Soviet border. When the Russians crossed it, the brigade, consisting of a regiment of dragoons and a regiment of light horse, was moved up by train to Elisenvaara to harass the Russian advance

MEN

The cavalry advance: the Red Hussars might well claim to be the finest all-round mounted unit in the world, their training having included miles at the trot (on foot), marksmanship, advancing dismounted with light machine-guns or rifles, swimming—themselves or their mounts—and even telephone-wire laying. There were also a few tanks attached to the unit. The charge at the top of the page and the nasty obstacle on the right show that they are thoroughgoing horsemen, too. The Red Hussars made a part of the standing Finnish Army of 25,000 (all ranks) which went into action December 1st against invasion. As well as the Civic Guard and Lotta Svärd (opposite page), the only other support organisations were the Frontier Guard and the Coast Guard, semi-civil bodies

"Le Pas des Déesses"

Keith Lester's New Ballet is Based on an 1840 "Judgment of Paris" Print

Maude Lloyd is Venus in this new-old version of the Judgment of Paris episode. Her grace, finish, dignity, and her always beautiful line make her very much the leading dancer of Antony Tudor's company. She was with them last winter at Toynbee Hall, was with the Ballet Club in the spring. Married Nigel Gosling in the summer

The three goddesses are Peggy van Praagh as Juno, Maude Lloyd as Venus, Gerd Larsen as Minerva; Guy Massey is Mercury. Their dresses were designed by Hugh Stevenson after lithographs of the 1840's, of which a famous example, "Le Pas des Déesses," showing Marie Taglioni, Lucile Grahn and Fanny Cerito, is among the prints and pictures now being exhibited in the Arts Theatre

Keith Lester's new work for Antony Tudor's London Ballet company is a charming return to the romantic, inspired by lithographs and reminiscences of dancing a hundred years ago. The classical white dresses of the period, the softly rounded arms of the dancers, the groupings in front of a lake-and-mountain back-cloth (by John Guthrie) fill the stage continually with delightful pictures. The whole is set to tinkling music by César Pugni, arranged for two pianos by Leighton Lucas. The London Ballet opened its season at the Arts Theatre two weeks ago, thereby celebrating the inauguration (by its new owner, Harold Rubin) of the Arts Theatre and Club as a ballet centre. A loan exhibition of ballet prints and designs for costumes and decor is hung in the hall and foyer, and there are also on view two original Nijinsky costumes, that by Bakst for the *Blue Bird* pas de deux, and his Petrouchka dress (by Benois)

For the finale, Jupiter (Anthony Kelly) descends from the skies to complete the attractive grouping. Besides Paris (Keith Lester), the Goddesses and Mercury, the six attendants are Elizabeth Hamilton, Sylvia Hayden (a promising young dancer), Susan Reeves, Pauline Clayden, Monica Boam, Charlotte Bidmead

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Giving the Bride Away" (St. Martin's)

IF this little comedy is some day remembered—mind you, I don't say it will be, but if it *is* some day remembered as having been produced during the war, it will more likely than not be forgotten which war. Nor will internal evidence easily settle the question. This war? Possibly. The last war? Not improbably. The Boer War? Quite conceivably. Yet, no less conceivably, the next war. Which suggests that, like many things inferior as well as superior, it is not for an age but for all time. A handsome thought, but not to be quoted, please, on the throwaways.

"GIVING THE BRIDE AWAY" is a euphemism for getting rid of her. And, in the light of theatrical experience, would you wonder? What bridegroom in what farce would want to marry a girl who not once in three acts wears high heels?—especially when there are two other young ladies flitting around who not once in three acts don't, whose names are Delia and Petal, and who are game at a moment's notice to slip into the conservatory with the slightest acquaintance. Moreover, the bride is engrossed in the livestock on the farm, which, in the West End, is regarded as an insurmountable barrier to sex appeal, and makes the problem of finding a substitute bridegroom far from easy.

But, lo! upon the scene, from Bumboola in Africa, there arrives a hefty squatter who has made his pile and who announces that he hasn't seen a white woman for fourteen years. To such a state of susceptibility has he been reduced that he calls even the bride's ominous mother "girlie" and invites her to come for a "tootle" in his car. The very man! It's a wonder they waste the champagne on him.

YET, even to a squatter who hasn't seen a white woman for fourteen years, there are "girlies" *and* "girlies." So, while they believe him to be canoodling with the bride, he is really petting Petal, with mistakes about bedrooms, not unamusingly contrived, to follow. But what you don't laugh at in this piece makes you forget what you do. If only not-laughing made as much noise as laughing, how much more interesting some of our first nights would be.

MR. NAUNTON WAYNE and Mr. Basil Radford, both admirable entertainers, are the principals who have teamed up for this production. Mr. Radford giggles divertingly. Mr. Wayne contrives agreeable new manifestations of agitation. But how much jollier if he would come on before each act and tell us what it was going to be about—and then stand at the side while it was in progress and explain to us just how funny it was. At the close of the first night, he delighted us with one of his hesitant speeches—a grave mistake, since it gave all the critics a chance to say that it was the best thing of the evening. I knew they would, so made a definite resolution not to. Which, please carefully note, I haven't.

The bride who doesn't know what it's all about: Kathie (Pauline Winter)

Sketches by Rouson

Womanly grip: Mrs. Palfrey (Ruth Maitland) congratulates Capt. Larsen (Finlay Currie)

Companions in mischief: Walter (Naunton Wayne) and George (Basil Radford)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

PLUNGING with renewed zest into the purlieus of Cloud-Cuckoo Land, we emerge with a few interesting specimens of the Island Conscience for your study. Exhibit A told a tribunal: "I think it is wrong to kill. I will not even pluck flowers." Exhibit B, a pastry-cook described by a friend as "an artistic nature, highly strung," objected even to agricultural work, on the ground that it is wrong to grow corn for bread in wartime. Exhibit C, yet another æsthete, refused to serve his country on the grounds that "war is the negation of all Art." Exhibit D, declining to "take up arms against my fellow-men," turned out to be a special constable. ("You 've got into the force as a complete fraud if your mind is like that," said the bewildered judge, who evidently is not acquainted with the mental workings of the Race.) Exhibit E, demonstrating an inverted Œdipus-complex when asked if he would let his mother be murdered by the enemy, replied "Definitely." Exhibit F, a Cambridge University thinker, said that even combats between animals and boxing-matches nauseated him. And Exhibit G, brightest and bonniest of our collection so far, declaring himself a Welch Nationalist, told a tribunal: "It is not right for the Saxons or English to tell me what I am to do"; following which the tribunal ought instantly to have offered him the post of Honorary Assistant Mascot to the Welch Regiment, if the regimental goat didn't object. We 'd dearly like to have the views of Slogger Caradoc Evans—we can see that scourge of the Cymry from here, grinning like the Great Red Heifer of Llychchwrffyddgwchllwdd—on this declaration, if the said views were printable.

So far no tribunal, having listened patiently to this kind of thing all day, has suddenly leaped up with an eldritch scream and gibbered at imaginary birdies. It says a great deal for that slow, lymphatic Island blood, with its low flash-point, at which foreigners are apt to jeer. Shift these tribunals—if it isn't too great a strain on your imagination—to Provence or Sicily and you 'll see what we mean, no doubt.

"I 'm sure *I can hear that siren again, Henry!"*

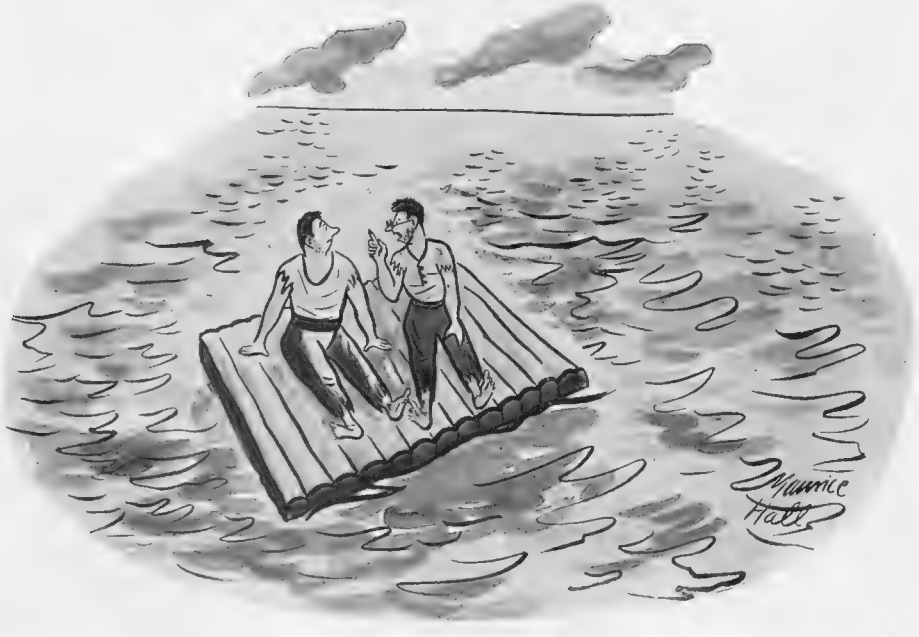
Date

IT wouldn't be a war without the Aussies, and we guess everybody except the enemy was pleased and relieved at Mr. Menzies' recent announcement that Australian troops will be in the front line in the spring. They will find the British War Machine, at which they were apt to take such umbrage last time, more resilient and accommodating. It may be also that by the time the A.I.F. arrives in France the British Staff will have had an explanatory lecture-course or two. Last time, when some Australian private, pulled up by some foaming British Divisional General, asked the potentate genially who the something hell he thought *he* was, the old son of a So-and-So, there ensued all sorts of friction. To-day we realise more sensibly that this mode of address is pure comradely affection and that no reflection on the honour of a British brass-hat's mother is involved. Undoubtedly many gaudy Staff wallahs, flown with insolence and pride, were swaggering round asking for it in those far-off days. They certainly got it, the glossy-booted bashibazouks, from the A.I.F.

The Great Australian Enigma to us, as probably to other thinkers, is the co-existence of extreme vigour and vivacity and excessive cricket-mania. The average English cricket fan looks like a wooden horse and is practically cretinous, as we 've noted in this page before. The dumb clucks you find in the Members' Stands at Lord's, conversing like woodpeckers by tapping their pipes at long intervals on the railings, are to us a Swift-like spectacle. Yet the average Australian, fifty times as passionate a fanatic for the dreadful game, is boiling with Rabelaisian bonhomie and ruthless energy and joie-de-vivre, and will blow up a rest-camp as soon as look at it. We don't know if Slogger Joad's Vitalism explains this. Nothing else seems to.

Ordeal

ONLY chaps with hearts of stone could fail to pity our unhappy Red boys in their increasing agonies of embarrassment over Comrade Stalin's tactless behaviour, but we couldn't help whiffling with gentle mirth over the *Daily Worker's* performance the day after the Great Democrat had blasted his way into Finland. A Mr. Dutt gave the citizenry the inside lowdown about the Finnish Menace in such terms that you frankly shuddered, at the same time cursing the sinister folly of those opposing the kindly offices of "the true defenders of the Finnish people." Yet once again (one thought) one perceives the difference between two democracies, the one sweet, the other stern. The French bung their Reds into the cooler and expel their deputies from the Chamber as traitors. We let ours go on romping, though presumably we 're spending six millions sterling a day to preserve that civilisation they are yearning to destroy. Perhaps the yelps of anguish from Bloomsbury have softened the heart of the Government? The misshapen inhabitants of that odious quarter bear at the moment a double burden of grief: (1) Holy Joe is behaving so like Hitler plus Ivan the Terrible, plus Genghis Khan, you wouldn't know the difference, and (2) a gaggle or cluster of the brightest literary pets and chouchous of our Left Wing Intelligentsia is marooned in Hollywood, and at least one of them has publicly stated that he 'll never come back to England, never, never, never; which may be a break for some people but is hell for his hairy playmates. It



"Not 'water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink' but 'water, water, everywhere, nor any *drop to drink'"*

may even be that if the war lasts long enough we shall see none of these boys again. The mere thought throws you into a perfect paroxysm of indifference? Oh! (as Sarah Bernhardt once said to the Elder Coquelin) là, là! Là, là, là, là; là, là, là, là!

Houpla

THE cry of Mr. Stokes (Ipswich, Lab.) in the House the other day that "until the Governor of the Bank of England and his satellites are, metaphorically speaking, hung on lamp-posts we shall not get an economic situation necessary for European peace" has been poorly received in banking circles. Although the boys will occasionally admit, in their stiff, proud way, that they're partly responsible for putting Hitler on his feet, they don't want any rebellious mumblings from the bourgeoisie. Moreover, if the lynching-cry of the Revolution, "*A la lanterne!*" were raised in earnest it would scare them hardly at all, the modern City or Westminster type of lamp-post being (they think) ill-adapted for that purpose; though, if you look more closely, the kindly designers still allow a dainty cross-piece, capable of accommodating a chap apiece. The lamps of Old Paris, chiefly the type jutting horizontally from walls, could take three, at least. (On one of the last of these, in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, near the Châtelet, now swept away, the poet Gérard de Nerval hanged himself in the 1850's, unless we're mistaken.) But we can't see a modern British mob stringing up bankers, in any circumstances. The mob, knowing its masters, would be too embarrassed. While it was blushing and mumbling and fumbling with its bowler hats and excusing itself, the banker would be scudding well away on twinkling spats and hard to catch.

Another moral obstacle is that many banks (Barclay's—our own—for instance) are more like mothers than banks, and wield the knout so benevolently that nobody with any gratitude could ever do them bodily harm. We once struck a chap on the mouth for speaking lightly of Mother Barclay's name. He called her a miserly haybag for charging 3½ per cent. He lied. She was then charging 4, the cosy old sweet.

Quest

THE only beautiful public statue in London, the Charles I. at Charing Cross, is so carefully muffled and sandbagged and boxed-in that for the first time Lionel Johnson's familiar lines—

> Comely and calm, he rides
> Hard by his own Whitehall;
> Only the night-wind glides:
> No crowds, nor rebels brawl,

sound strange on the lips of the London populace as they murmur them and pass, their exquisite pans lit with pure chivalric love and high poetry. We thought you might like us to look up a few other notable London bronzes and marbles with a view to judging how dearly the authorities prize them. So far we've got from Charing Cross to Ludgate Circus, and are able to report that the Northcliffe bust is sandbagged and safe as the bank, which is more than can be said of that dainty little Byronic page in his niche over Attenborough's, on the Chancery Lane corner, supposed by some to represent the Spirit of Five Per Cent. Having noted this it suddenly seemed to us pure folly to slog round London to gratify your obscene curiosity, so we've no idea if any special precautions have been taken with Mr. Peabody in the City, Mr. Cobden in Camden Town, the gents round Parliament Green, and fifty other fantastics and grotesques in toppers and trousers and whiskers. When you think that every one of the hundred or so ugliest public statues in London was ordered, paid for, unveiled with solemn ceremony and flowery speeches by eminent bigwigs, and, a week or so later, ignored and forgotten for ever by all save the pigeons and sparrows, do you ever begin to laugh rather sadly? Does it ever remind you of anything said by anybody about pomps and vanities? Do you weep? There are times when, in sombre mood, we should be sorry if a single one of these works of art were ever blown up by a stray bomb, though not very.

Chum

"SIR," boomed Dr. Johnson to Boswell, referring to two rival booksy boys, "there is no settling the precedence between a flea and a louse." We couldn't help murmuring this dictum when we picked up *The Times* recently. It seems only the other week that the whole of Fleet Street, Auntie included, shuddering with gentility, was combining to call "Le Pou de Ciel," that new French aeroplane, the "Flying Flea" (which would have given Dr. Johnson something to bellow about, we thought with crude chuckles), and we remember not so long ago a roguey little piece about a flea in *Punch* in which that insect was referred to with maidenly reserve as *pulex irritans*. However, the boys are now growing bold and calling things by their names: so bold, indeed, that Auntie *Times* has even printed a letter from Mr. Philip Gosse declaring that the many-pleated Scottish kilt on active service is nothing but a lice-trap, as was amply proved in the last war. "We all must face bravely what the late Professor A. E. Shipley termed 'the minor horrors of War,'" concluded Mr. Gosse, a thought too apologetically—for surely what Auntie's little readers need more than anything is an occasional whirret, flip, or boff on the snozzle from that stern Goddess of Reality called by the Greeks Ananke?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Hi! what about that light?"
"But we're neutral"

Films of the Day

Of Moppets and Mambas

By a Film Correspondent

I HAVE been waiting for a year or two now for Miss Gloria Jean. It has seemed to me inevitable that, sooner or later, a great and resourceful industry would be able to produce a child-actress nearly as clever and charming as Shirley Temple, with a voice almost as good as Deanna Durbin's.

It was asking a lot, but not, I felt, too much, and my faith was justified. In Gloria Jean we have a new musical moppet of rare attraction. She looks adorable, even when singing, her coloratura treble is uncannily accurate, and, if it is true that she is still waiting for her second teeth, she is not only a big girl for her age, but a remarkably competent little actress.

She bursts upon what I am quite sure will be an enraptured British public in *The Under-Pup*, at the Odeon, and nobody could complain that she is stinted of material. She is a slum-child who is given a holiday in the mountains by and with a lot of little rich girls who call themselves the Penguins. The Mambas would be a better name for them. For when they are not listening, dutifully rapt, to Gloria putting over "Wiegenlied" and "Annie Laurie" as though they had never been sung before, they weave hideous plots against her. It all began in the train, when, with three walnut-shells and a pea, she had taken over their social education and most of their jewellery.

But at least she had given the jewellery back, under pressure, and what followed was sheer Nazi-ism. One rather sad little Penguin sided with her. She was miserable because her parents were getting a divorce. And how that divorce was averted, and the sad little Penguin made President of all the Penguins, was nobody's business but Gloria's; not to mention the melting of the heart of the acidulated welfare-worker in charge of the camp, the soothing of the man who was putting up the money, and a wince-making scene of reconciliation with the Queen-Mamba, his daughter.

I should mention that Gloria has a Grandpa—none other than C. Aubrey Smith—who plays some part in all this. When people disagree with him, he breaks walking-sticks over their heads—a dangerous old lunatic whose sentimental self-indulgences should not be allowed to queer Gloria's pitch in your mind if, at the end of all this charming—nay scrumptious—entertainment, you have any.

"The Under-Pup": C. Aubrey Smith and the New Star, Gloria Jean

Last May we published some photographs of Deanna Durbin companioning a ten-year-old "probable" who looked very like her and was being groomed to repeat Deanna's success story. That was Gloria Jean, and now here she is in her first film. "The Under-Pup" is reviewed on this page and is at the Odeon. Gloria Jean appears to be all her producer, Joe Pasternak, thought her, in the way of looks, voice, and charm, and she throws in a tough little personality of her own. C. Aubrey Smith is her crochety, eccentric grandfather, a relationship he has also held—hasn't he?—to Shirley Temple

"IN NAME ONLY," at the Gaumont, offends my crusted conservatism by making Kay Francis a meanie. Those wide, grey, challenging eyes, that proud, fastidious profile, could have nothing to do with the mercenary, and here she is a calculating cheat of a wife, in whom I cannot believe for one minute. She smiles and smiles, and is still not a villainess, until even Carole Lombard, for whom I go an almost unreasonable distance, seems just a husband-snatcher: this although Carole is a widow with a brat whose Christmas preparations might draw a tear from the stringiest of us.

For that matter, Miss Lombard is miscast. That chinny gravity, that sweet seriousness, that willingness to suffer—are they part of the personality which tamed the immortal Godfrey? I waited and waited for the sense of humour to pop out, and I cannot believe it.

As one who has written with all the sourness that a sunny disposition could muster, time and again, on the evils of type-casting, I know I am in the wrong. But I have been taught to think differently of these girls, and waiting in vain for their old screen personalities to reappear is genuinely distressing. Of Mr. Cary Grant, the bone of contention, I can say only that he fills the bill. If, baulked of one's divorce, one has to get drunk and then sit in front of an open window in December until one catches pneumonia, Mr. Grant's technique is probably as good as anyone's. But I cannot feel that it lifts him any higher in his profession.

Still, being just an old grouch, I cannot see that the matrimonial tangle is in any way loosened by the fact that the wife's mean motives are unmasked to her parents-in-law at the end. Her legal case seems to be as good as ever it was. Possibly she will be squared in due course. But I probe too far; I am assured that there is an enormous range of British womanhood that will love every word of it.

I AM glad to be able to announce that a very satisfying series of shorts, generically called *Point of View*, is to be continued in monthly issues during the war. Mr. Ivan Scott, who, more than most producers, is the inspiration and soul of each film, has even revised numbers now in distribution, lest they should seem a little dated by events—thus showing an enterprise rare and cherishable in the shadow-world. The latest issue is called *Transport on Trial*, in which Mr. Pro and Mr. Con debate pictorially the merits and demerits of nationalising and thus co-ordinating all public means of transport.

The photography throughout is excellent, and the pictures are used admirably to drive home their points. I was interested to notice that Mr. Scott assumed that some form of control was, in any case, essential, in peace or in war—so far have we travelled from what our grandfathers used to call the "blessing" of free competition. But the balance is drawn with tantalising fairness, and my one anxiety, if I were an exhibitor, would be whether the provocative force of the arguments advanced on each side might not induce a wrong frame of mind for the reception of the latest available Hollywood bromide which must be placed alongside.

GUINNESS
for Christmas

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G.E.47.A

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MORE and more people are smoking Craven 'A' because these famous Cork-Tipped cigarettes are fresher, cooler—*smoother to the throat.* You can be certain you are choosing a gift which will be thoroughly appreciated if you send all your friends Craven 'A' this Christmas.

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras Ltd., 150 Years' Reputation for Quality.

Lord and Lady Belper went down to see their fifteen-year-old son, the Hon. Peter Strutt. Lord Belper was at Harrow, but Lady Belper is the daughter of an O.E., the Hon. Douglas Tollemache. A startling war innovation at Eton is the partial disappearance of the top-hat, which is no longer compulsory. Most Etonians highly approve of this iconoclasm, most Old Etonians think it dreadful

Captain Reginald Macdonald-Buchanan, mackintoshed and goloshed, walked round with his elder son John, his sub-debutante daughter, and Hugh Jenkinson. He is in the Scots Guards, was Joint-Master of the Pytchley from 1934 for four seasons, married the late Lord Woolavington's only daughter. St. Andrew's Day was as wet as it generally is, and quite as muddy. Pictures of the Wall Game in all its dirty glory are on the next two pages

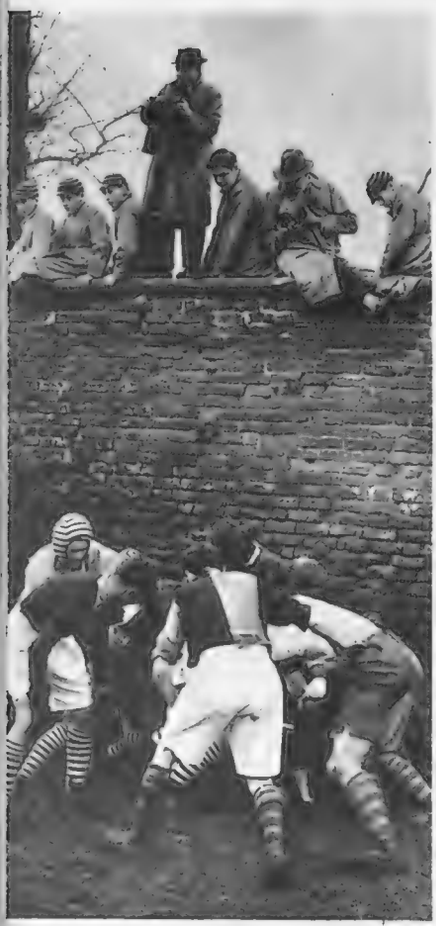
St. Andrew's Day at Eton

Miss Audrey Warren-Pearl, in a striped raincoat and a turban, was with Lady Loder and her Dalmatian. Lady Loder was Marie Symons-Jeune, married Sir Giles Loder in July. Her husband, who owns Leonardslee in Sussex, was already a Territorial gunner officer before the war

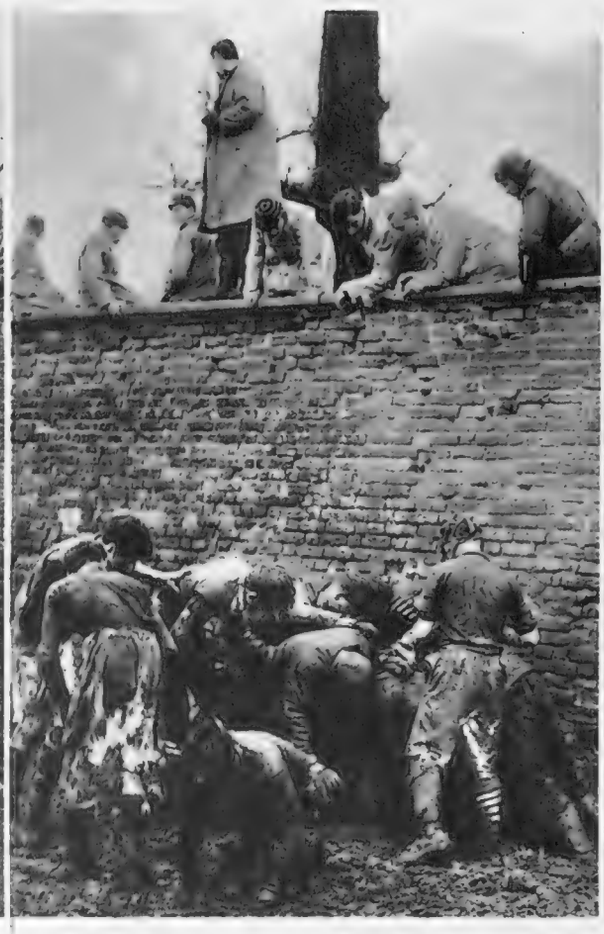
Lord and Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal had their two elder sons with them, the Hon. Donald and the Hon. Barnaby Howard, and also Lord Manners' eldest son and heir, the Hon. Bob Manners. Lord Strathcona was Under-Secretary of War from 1934 until January this year, when he resigned. In the last war he was in the 3rd Hussars, is Hon. Colonel of the Artists' Rifles. Lady Strathcona is a cousin of Lady Loder's husband

Eton's Wall Game:

A rainy St. Andrew's Day made the photogenic spectacle of a well-born mudlark more muddy and more photogenic than ever



1. A handful of spectators, there for love, and one or two Press photographers, there for money, braved the soaking drizzle on the Wall when twenty-two cleanly clothed Etonians began play



2. Within a few minutes, however, Collegers were indistinguishable to outsiders from Oppidans as the bully against the Wall buckled and heaved and clung to well-fingered crannies. But a Behind's behind still shows traces of white. Oppidans began by kicking to Good, gradually forced their way towards Calx

3. Wall spectators' view of a tight bully in the Wall Match was this, but why photographers waste plates every year on taking this feelthiest of feelthy pictures we don't know: a stock picture from the match of 1908 would cover the scene ad inf. (perhaps it is)

4. At last the game proved itself to be in abeyance by the protagonists sitting down, muddy but unbowed, where they stood. It was then seen that also the umpires were well mudded and that the referee alone on the field displayed the virtue next to godliness

5. Refreshments arrived in an enamel jug and the bleeding pieces of earth were seen to absorb liquid into themselves with great relish

6. Some lay supine, examples of how a great English school teaches protective colouring under all conditions, and sucked avidly at the tart lemon-quarters

7. Others, like this Wall getting good clean service, preferred energy-giving sugar

8. One photographer at least took back this rare photograph of a poor, hunted, muddy little thing, the ball, which glimpsed light in a loose bully down the wall. So the 99th of the Wall Match Series ended, won by Oppidans by two shies to nil

9. And mothers, guided by instinct, picked out their sons. These two are Lady Halifax and Richard Frederick Wood, one of the Oppidan Walls

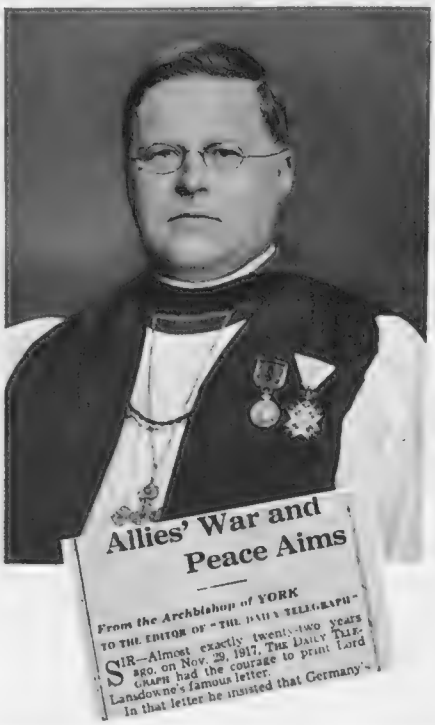
WAR AIMS

A survey of eight views on our most urgent question of policy, made early this month

THE GOVERNMENT generalises

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, 70, heads the political group in power since 1935; on him, therefore, focuses the urge to state clear aims, "The question has been answered over and over again," he complained (broadcast, November 26). "Our definition of peace aims can only be in the most general terms . . . a new Europe with a new spirit . . . full and constant flow of trade . . . armaments would be gradually dropped." He spoilt this for some by calling it Utopian

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK suggests points for peace now



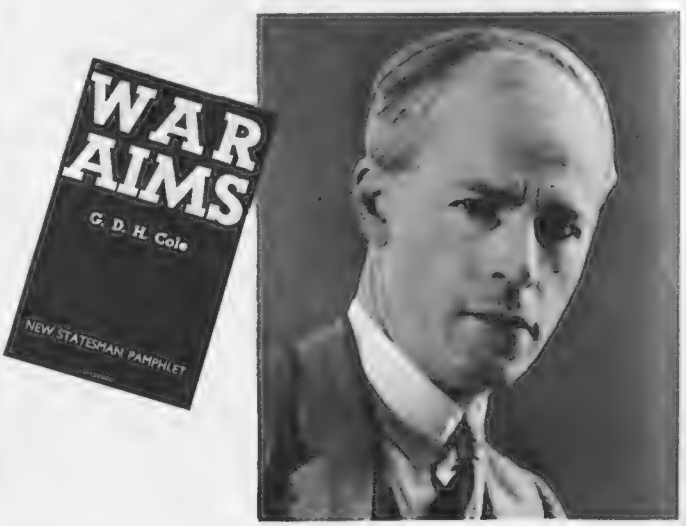
WILLIAM TEMPLE, Archbishop of York, 58, wrote a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*: "A clear statement of the basis on which we should be ready to negotiate would, as it percolated to the German people, give confidence to that Germany which Hitler has silenced and wronged. Hitler has indicated his conditions clearly enough. Rightly we have answered No. But what are our counter-conditions? Is it not possible for this country and its allies to declare that they will agree to an armistice as soon as they are satisfied on these points?: restoration of genuinely free, independent Polish and Czech States. Slovakia must have real freedom to decide her own future. Poles, Czechs, and Slovaks must therefore be recognised as sovereign peoples, entitled to participate on a footing of equality in the Peace Conference. It should be agreed in advance that frontier questions not settled by negotiation shall be referred for decision to an impartial arbitral body." . . .

Eighty-three-year-old Bernard Shaw ended a correspondence in the "New Statesman" with "I can at least stop writing useless letters on War Aims"

HAROLD NICOLSON urges a powerful league

THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON, 53, ex-diplomat, M.P. (Nat. Lab.), wrote a Penguin Special. In it he says: "There are two problems: how can you control a nation of 80 millions situated in the centre of Europe? Now that the League of Nations has failed, what could you put in its place?" He does not believe in a peaceful Germany but "after a period of internal disorder the Germans will not, for thirty years at least, try to rule the world by force. The world will have thirty years to create a new order that even Germany will not dare defy, so just that even Germans will not feel aggrieved." This order will rest on a new, powerful League. "The difficulties of providing the League with a force of its own are almost insurmountable: they have got to be surmounted." To provide partially-disarmed States with a sense of security, "no country in Europe should be allowed any aeroplanes. International air routes would be operated by the League; it would also possess a fighting air force recruited only from smaller countries." Any State refusing arbitration would be punished by this weapon. "Europe will only become peaceful if each state surrenders something of its independence"

G. D. H. COLE backs close European federation



GEORGE DOUGLAS HOWARD COLE, 50, Oxford University reader in economics, writer of detective fiction, published a *New Statesman* pamphlet on War Aims: "To define what we are fighting for—provided we define it aright—will strengthen our position in the eyes of the world and hearten our own people. What needs to be said? That we are fighting Hitler not as defenders of the old Europe, but as protagonists of the new. That we stand, not for restoring any country to the status it has lost, but for creating a Europe in which Poles, Czechs, and Slovaks, equally with Britons, Frenchmen, and Germans, will manage their internal affairs on condition of being ready to play their part in a wider federal system. There must be a fundamental change in the conception of statehood. It is important that we should prepare the way by our action in the present. There should be the fullest freedom of intercourse between Britain and France to create a community of public opinion. But if governments are to control and collaborate in pooling resources, governments must be effectively subject to the control of peoples. If Mr. Chamberlain will not pursue these aims, Mr. Chamberlain must go"

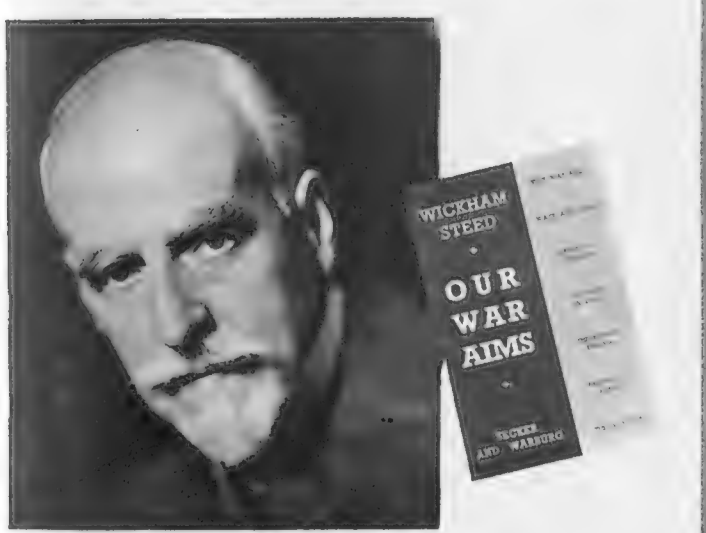
H. G. WELLS urges a declaration of the Rights of Man

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, 73, wrote to *The Times*: "The decisive question before our species is whether it will set its face resolutely towards that drastic remoulding of ideas and relationships, that world revolution, which it has shirked for a quarter of a century. The thing I am most terrified by to-day is the threat of a new weak put-off of our aspirations. Last time it was the League; this time the magic word is Federation. A real League might have turned the world into a new course; a real Federation might do as much to-morrow. There is a way of answering the demand [for a statement of war aims] in a very satisfactory manner, without any map-drawing, constitution-mongering, pledges, guarantees, sanctions, and the like: the method of a Declaration of Rights. It is calculated to appeal forcibly to every responsive spirit under the yoke of the obscurantist and totalitarian tyrannies." There follow ten points setting forth every man's right to physical well-being, ownership of property, criticism of his fellows, employment, movement over the world, trade, trial before imprisonment

THE OPPOSITION has six points

CLEMENT RICHARD ATTLEE, 56, leader of the Opposition and of the Labour Party, announced his platform in November: "Restitution must be made to victims of aggression, but ideas of revenge and punishment must be excluded. The second principle is the recognition of the right of all nations to have the right (sic) to live and develop their own characteristic civilisation, provided they did not thereby infringe the rights of others. Thirdly, there must be complete abandonment of armed force as policy. Arbitrators must be accepted. Fourthly, the rights of minorities must be respected. Fifthly, there must be recognition of an international authority superior to individual states. Sixthly, there must be abandonment of imperialism." With Attlee in the picture is Arthur Greenwood, his deputy

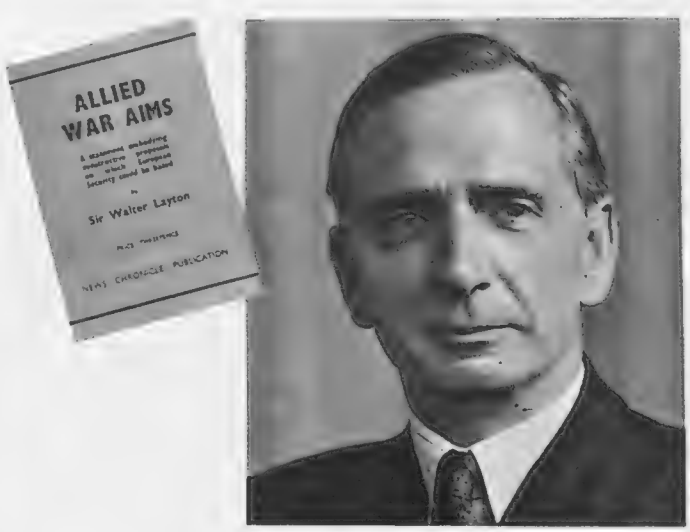
WICKHAM STEED says Back to 1919 frontiers



HENRY WICKHAM STEED, 68, ex-editor of *The Times*, publicist, lecturer on Central European history at King's College, London, proclaimed his peace programme in mid-September, now incorporates them in "Our War Aims." After a fight to the finish and (presumably) victory over Germany, he urges: "Back to the German frontiers of 1919; total disappearance of Hitler; formation, if possible during war, of the beginnings of federal union between enemies of Hitlerism; a democratic Germany, or sub-confederation of German States, to be admitted to this federal union; neutrals also to be eligible provided their constitutions correspond to the principles of the federation; no bartering of colonies—these to be placed under a federal trusteeship; the League of Nations and its institutions to be reorganised"

Acknowledgments are due to Secker and Warburg, "The News Chronicle," "The New Statesman," "The Times," "The Daily Telegraph"; Penguin Books; for photographs to Howard Coster, Dora Collins, London News Agency. Where possible, protagonists' own words are used, but to check distortion by compression, originals should be consulted

Sir WALTER LAYTON wants federal groups now



WALTER THOMAS LAYTON, Kt., C.H., 55, editor of the *Economist* and chairman of the *News Chronicle*, published an article in the latter on Allied War Aims, then turned it into a pamphlet: "I suggest we begin not by pinning our hopes on a panacea but by tackling the danger-spots. The countries of Central Europe are ripe for a scheme of common defence, diplomatic action and citizenship." He suggests two groupings, Poles and Czechs in one, Danubians in the other. European arms must be limited (by abolishing national aviation—cf. Nicolson), and there must be undertakings for mutual assistance." Layton's plan is the only one of the four pamphleteers' which does not assume defeat of Germany: "I suggest we should be ready at any moment to make peace with Hitler, Goering, a Hohenzollern, or anyone else on the terms here outlined.". . . . An omission from this survey not backed by a single personality is Federal Union, the self-explanatory name of society newly formed and rapidly growing whose aim is a modified version of American Clarence Streit's "Union Now." Federal Union's case is put in a Penguin Special published by W. B. Curry, Headmaster of Dartington Hall School

Lady Eleanor Smith at Home

In Her Flat Off the King's Road

F. E. Smith's elder daughter hasn't yet considered any evacuation of the flat where she has lived for two years, at 4, Chester Street, off the King's Road, Chelsea. There she and Satan, her black cat, brave the black-out together. While her brother, the Earl of Birkenhead, was training with his regiment in Oxfordshire, Lady Eleanor Smith was completing her newest novel, a story on the new time theme adopted by Priestley, called *Mother's Meeting*; it comes out with Hutchinson in January. In the picture at the top of the page she stands, in flared silk dressing-gown, by an old circus poster announcing Tom Sayers, the world boxing champion; it was given her by C. B. Cochran. The portrait over the mantel in the picture above this caption is of Lady Eleanor by William Acton

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Anthony

Irina Baronova Goes to Hollywood

About two weeks ago the news came through that Baronova had been signed up by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Lovers of the ballet sadly murmur au revoir as the ballerina disappears into the dazzling, sometimes distorting, Hollywood world. Meanwhile her companions of the Russian ballet company, which is again under Colonel de Basil's artistic direction, are converging from London and San Francisco on Australia for their winter tour. Baronova is with her husband, " Gerry " Sevastianov, in Hollywood, and finds there a former co-dancer in Vera Zorina, who, with her husband, Georges Balanchine, directing her, is working in *On Your Toes* (see " Bystander " December 6th). Baronova herself goes into a film called *Florian*, screen version of Felix Salten's novel about the end of the Austrian Empire twenty-one years ago. Chief actors are Reginald Owen (as Emperor Franz Josef), Helen Gilbert and Robert Young. The famous Spanish Riding School and the Lipizzan horses feature largely in the story

Present-giving *set the girls chattering like starlings in the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel, where their parents left them to meet their young escorts. Mary McCarthy (second from left) was celebrating her sixteenth birthday and got a fine pair of white skating boots from her co-hostess, Jane Withers (fourth from left). The others are Joan Brodell, June Carlson, Mary Nolan. Similar hair styles and dress styles make these girls look even more like each other than they already are*

The cake *was three-tiered, inscribed "Happy High School Days" for Jane Withers and "Happy Birthday" for Mary McCarthy, and topped by a heart-shaped picture of the two of them. They have been friends since their days as Hollywood child "extras"*

Growing-Up Party

Hollywood adolescents celebrate a birthday and a high school debut with a dinner dance

Fourteen Hollywood youngsters made their social debut (dinner-jackets and long dresses) at the party given in honour of Mary McCarthy's sixteenth birthday and Jane Withers' entry into high school. She is thirteen and a half, made her first success as the "meany" in Shirley Temple's *Bright Eyes*, and since then has had pictures chosen for her like *Arizona Wild Cat* and *Chicken Waggon Family*. In her latest, Twentieth Century-Fox's *High School*, she is packed off to school from her ranch home, to learn to be a lady. Joe Brown, Jnr., a red-headed, toothy-grinned, nineteen-year-old from Broadway, makes his film debut by playing lead with her. Jane's best friend, Mary McCarthy, is in the film, and so were all the other party guests but two (June Carlson and George Ernest, who are Lucy and Roger to *Jones Family* fans). The girls are as carefully chaperoned as socialites, and the fun of their first grown-up party was genuine and unsophisticated, even if a publicity camera did record every smile

They danced *at the famous Cocoanut Grove. Their grown-up dignity didn't last long: when the orchestra starts to swing it, jitterbugs can't stay stiff and starchy. Jane Withers has Johnny Pirrone as partner, Mary McCarthy dances with red-haired Joe Brown, Jnr.*

The floor show *delighted them, all the more because it didn't come on till 11.30, which kept them up till well past midnight. Carmencita Johnson watched with George Ernest ("Roger" of the "Jones Family" pictures)*

Manners *were very polished, as witness Marvin Stephens asking Joan Brodell to dance. They all ordered their own dinners from the huge menu-cards, which pleased and puzzled their inexperience. The chaperons—Mary McCarthy's mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, and Jane Withers' mother—sat several tables away*

THIS CHRISTMAS

GIVE 'GREYS'

Cigarettes worthy of a special occasion

You can't go wrong if you give cigarettes. Especially *this* Christmas, when your gift list is probably presenting unusual difficulties. And if you decide to give Greys — those distinguished cigarettes which everyone welcomes at sight — it will become more obvious than ever that you have done the supremely right thing.

IN DECORATED TINS 50 for 2/11p

CORK TIPPED
CORK TIPPED
CORK TIPPED
"De Reszke MINORS"
The Aristocrat of Cigarettes
J. MILLHOFF & Co. LTD. No 1. PICCADILLY. W.
60 CIGARETTES
for Christmas
Give them all DeReszke
of course!
PAT COMES THE RIGHT ANSWER TO THE ANNUAL PROBLEM FOR EVERYONE WHO SMOKES CIGARETTES—60 de RESZKE MINORS. 600 MINUTES OF ENJOYMENT, PACKED, IN A DECORATED TIN. TO GREET CHRISTMAS MORNING. SEND 60 GOOD WISHES — de RESZKE OF COURSE
D.R. MINORS — 60 for 2/6 in decorated tins

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"'Ullo, Maginot, 'ow's yer Line gettin' on?"

(Answer censored)

"Bystander" Short Story

Morning Shopping

By Charles Birkin

Illustrations by Lowen

JULIAN BRANKTON was feeling more than disgruntled as he banged the telephone receiver back into place. He pulled out his watch. It showed that the time was nearly a quarter past seven; and here he was with an empty evening stretching before him. It was outrageous of Pauline to put him off at such a late hour. What could he do? It was too near dinner-time to hope to find at liberty anyone he really wanted to see. He could, of course, he told himself, dine at his club; except that he hadn't got a club. He was that sort of man.

He did not believe for one instant that Pauline intended to dine with her sister. It was the second time this week that she had thrown him over and he was extremely ruffled in consequence. He was unaccustomed to being treated in such a cavalier manner. He glared at his reflection in the looking-glass over his desk. He looked much the same as he always had, he assured himself; his forty-two years sat very lightly on his shoulders.

Julian always found a faint satisfaction in regarding his image. He had enjoyed some twenty-odd years of lady-killing and had earned a considerable reputation as a beau. Therefore it was all the more difficult to understand Pauline's conduct. "She 's thrown me over to dine with Tony," he decided suddenly, "and if she has, I 'm finished with her—absolutely finished." He hardly knew Tony Russell, but had made exhaustive enquiries concerning that gentleman ever since the day, a few years before, when his name occupied a lengthy portion of a luncheon at which Julian was in attendance. Since then he had seen him on many occasions. He was a good twelve years Julian's junior, was good-looking, rich, idle and eligible. He wore an eye-glass, which Julian detested, and possessed unshakeable self-confidence. In minor issues their paths had crossed before, but Pauline was the first bone of contention over which Julian was prepared to fight.

The telephone shrilled, breaking into these gloomy musings.

"Hello?" quacked a metallic voice. "Are you the American Woman's Club?"

Without bothering to think up any scathing repartee, Julian cut off abruptly.

Damn Pauline and damn Tony Russell! What should he do? Try and locate a lesser interest, go to a cinema by himself, or go to bed?

He thought that he would walk to St. James's Street and see if his brother Philip was at home. Philip was only honoured by these visits at times of hiatus, such as the present circumstances.

It was a lovely evening and Julian was in a slightly more cheerful mood as he crossed Berkeley Square. He reached the corner of Berkeley Street, near Lansdowne House, at the moment when the traffic block which is generally to be found at that point was breaking. This necessitated his remaining on the pavement while the streams of cars diverged upon their ways, and it was with the greatest possible interest that in one of them, an enviable black Mercédès, there should be sitting Pauline, a vision in white spotted net, and the intolerable Tony, his head bent attentively towards her, his eye-glass screwed efficiently in place. They did not see Julian, and were soon lost to view as other vehicles, pursuing their urgent ways, crowded along behind them.

This ill-timed incident, together with Philip's being inconsiderately out, did not tend to improve Julian's temper. He would stand for it no longer! He would teach them both a much-needed lesson. He would comb the places where they might dine until he found them, and then make an epic scene which would both embarrass and humiliate them. With this amiable object in view, he walked towards Jermyn Street, in which locality are to be found several popular and fashionable restaurants. So absorbed was he on his approaching vengeance that he favoured a blonde lady who flashed him a bewitching smile with a frown of such ferocity as to evoke a rude epithet after his retreating back.

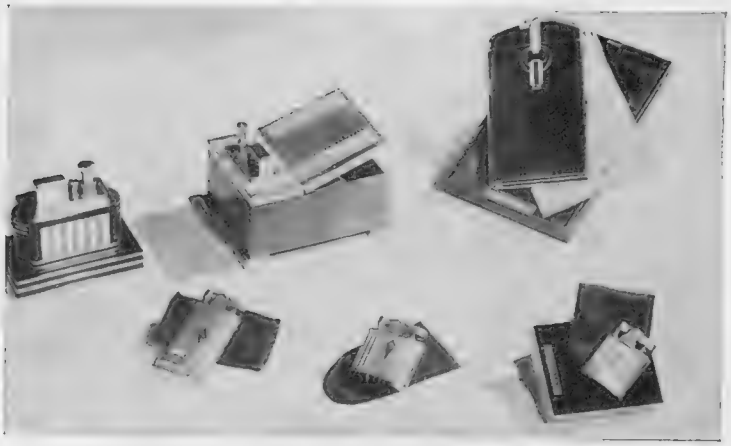
The first covert that he tried drew blank, which was perhaps fortunate, as, the first flush of his anger fading, Julian was beginning to think that his plan was, to say the least, an undignified one. He must be more subtle. His attention was attracted by the lighted windows of a chemist's shop, which reminded him that he needed a new bowl of shaving-soap. His own was used up nearly to the wood. He went in. The array of boxes, jars and tablets was bewildering. As he waited for his purchase to be wrapped in paper, purple string, and sealing-wax, he glanced at the contradictory wares offered for his inspection. Preparations guaranteed to grow hair—or remove it; gland extracts to increase, or decrease, your weight; creams and powders and tins and capsules of all shapes and sizes and colour for every imaginable purpose.

He paid for his package and was once more in the street when his Idea came to him. After which he visited a snack-bar, went to a cinema, which he enjoyed in his now tranquil state of mind, and went early to bed, where he soon fell into a contented slumber.

The next morning Pauline telephoned him just as he was splashing in his bath. It was a peculiar fact that when she felt the desire to talk to him that she should choose with uncanny accuracy the exact moment when he was the busiest with his ablutions. This was all the more singular, since his life was by

(*Concluded on page* vi)

On Your List



Arm smokers with a secret weapon by giving them Ronson lighters this Christmas. Those shown above are from 21s. and include a touch-tip table lighter, a cigarette box, also with the touch-tip, and a case-and-lighter combined. The R.A.F. badge lighter is also made with regimental badges

You want something for the children, but you're vague about their tastes and ages? Then play for safety and take them a couple of tins of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, including their chocolate assortment. And you might add the cocktail biscuits for their parents

Hats are attractive again. Paris, understanding better than ever the mental uplift of an intriguing hat, has sent delightful models to London, where you can find them at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The charming little sailor at the top of the page is in stitched satin, tilted forward by bows at the back and a chenille-spotted veil; lovely for a "home-on-leave" cocktail dance. Below it is a black felt "pill-box," fitting well down on the head and swathed in jersey scarves, of Turkish red and black. Here is the "covered-up" theme that runs right through the collection, a practical fashion now that women have less time to spare for the hairdresser

For special Christmas presents, the kind that will be remembered gratefully for years, go to Emile Marghab, 129, Mount Street, Berkeley Square, and look at their collection of fine linens. The designs are all entirely individual—you will see them nowhere else—and the materials are a joy to handle. The oblong "Moresque" table-mats and napkins, shown in the top left-hand corner of the picture, cost eleven guineas for the set of eight, but the breakfast-in-bed set below them, embroidered in a hibiscus pattern, is only 17s. 6d. On the right is their "Shell" afternoon tea-cloth in their own special kind of organdie, with napkins to match in very fine cambric linen, for five guineas

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Honest Blockhead

By V. S. Pritchett

In the last twenty years there have been many attempts at a Victorian revival, but it must be admitted that the Victorians wilt again very quickly. They are defended but not admired; our real admiration, and one for which we shall, quite rightly, be duly damned, is still the eighteenth century. It is the easier subject. As Mr. Peter Quennell says in his urbane and witty *Caroline of England* (Collins; 12*s.* 6*d.*), the leading characters are decided characters and their numbers are pleasantly limited. His selection is the neglected one of the earlier Georges of the House of Hanover, that large and perpetually quarrelling family who were so aghast that we did not accept the Germanic notions of absolute monarchy, that they left us to wallow in our revolting love of freedom. At least George I. and George II. so left us. With George III. we had our troubles, but even he gave us some moments of peace by going mad.

The general English verdict on George II. has become celebrated: "an honest blockhead." But blockheads who undergo the skilled surgery of a gifted biographer—which Mr. Quennell is—have a fascination. George II.'s life was dull but it had the fantastic quality which dullness, if carried far enough, begins to develop. Sensibility had not yet come in—it waited for the Regency—but when the fashionable English eighteenth century committed adultery (which was very often, indeed, most of the time) there was some spirit, some spice and some elegance. The Hanoverian touch was methodical to the point of grotesque—the Georges domesticated sin. The English crowd gasped at Greenwich when they saw the first George's two mistresses disembark, hearty and inept female versions of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who caused a hoot of laughter; and George II. added a new laboriousness to royal immorality. In so doing he made marriage romantic: "To George Augustus adultery was a duty, marriage a pleasure. In his liaisons he was punctual and prosy." Every night, just before nine o'clock, he would be seen pacing up and down the royal apartment, watch in hand, waiting for nine o'clock to strike that he might go off to his mistresses' apartments, like a resigned husband catching the last train home.

Caroline, the Queen, accepted the situation with German docility and managed it with some skill. She saw to it that her husband and his chief mistress were never parted. If they tried to part she prevented it. This was a real master-stroke; it kept the pair of them under her thumb all their lives. And despite his systematic infidelities George was romantically in love with his wife and in a way that has perhaps more charm for us than it had for her. With a naïvety not unmixed with humdrum cunning, he always gave her the fullest information about his love-affairs. Letters 40, even 60, pages long came from the industrious monarch. One perceives that Caroline was a woman of character. An intellectual, she was coarsened a little as the years passed, by the growing exercise of a huge will to power which assuaged the inevitable disappointment of romantic love. This will to power blossomed in the peculiar *amitié amoureuse* which grew up between her and the younger, cynical, serpent-like Hervey, that Satanic dropper of poison into unsuspecting ears; it groaned in her violent hatred of her son, the unhappy Frederick; and for human nature's daily food, it fed on the little humiliations smilingly but implacably placed upon her friend, her husband's helpless mistress. Mr. Quennell dwells upon his victims with an affection which becomes in the end admiration.

Another Shaw Filmed

"Major Barbara," Shaw's friendly jibe at the Salvation Army, is being made into a film with the author's blessing by Gabriel Pascal's unit at Salcombe. Here R. C. Sherriff, attached to the production, looks over the script with Pascal

The Caroline-Hervey situation appears again, but without Hanover's gutturals and pomp, in the relation of Lady Bessborough and Lord Granville. Lady Bessborough was the mother of Byron's Lady Caroline Lamb, and that appendix to the story is included in Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's *Regency Chapter* (Macmillan; 16*s.*). Miss Mayne's exquisite malice and sympathy dart to and fro in an immense knowledge of this period, revelling in a subject so perfectly provided with every veil by which the human heart conceals or decks out its ecstasies and tortures. Lady Bessborough was twelve years older than the insufferably handsome Granville. What bound them for so many years, despite her jealousies and his sulkings, despite her claw-tips and his unfaithfulness? Their common vanity. They had the extreme, if differing, vanity of born gamblers. (They were reckless card players.) Lady Bessborough's vanity came out in the narrow, egotistical heart of her daughter, Caroline Lamb; in the mother and not in the tragic daughter, it was more happily diffused into a love of graciousness and the art of living. One begins to detect this in Reynolds' portrait of Lady Bessborough. Grace, cruelty and disturbing subtlety are in those features, and even a suggestion of that fundamental innocence which gave her blushes as a woman of the world, such a natural fame. To Granville she was enslaved, and as Miss Mayne, with one of her many touches of perspicacity, says, "not to make scenes became with her self-indulgence." Benjamin Constant's Ellenore said that to see the end of a love-affair was not to love. Yet not to see to the end is to miss the art. In her equivocal way Lady Bessborough did see the end, as a woman of her years was bound to do; and she did garland her love of Granville with that nostalgia which is what a work of art often is. On Granville Miss Mayne is penetrating, for male vanity is very penetrable; and she is just enough if you consider that a man should be judged by the quality of his response to women. The born husband, Lady Bessborough ironically called him. And theirs was Society where husbands were mere ballast. They kept the ship steady so that it might carry more interesting cargo. But a society dominated by women, as this one was, has to pay for it by the production of coxcombs.

To complete the delightful picture of the time and to be placed in the middle distance between Miss Mayne's book and Mr. Quennell's there are the letters and diaries of the Pembroke family: *Henry, Elizabeth and George*, edited by Lord Herbert (Jonathan Cape; 18*s.*). These were recently discovered in the cellars of Wilton and chiefly concern the Grand Tour as undertaken by Henry (the father) and later George (the son), a horsey and diligent pair. Henry caused scandal by running away from his madonna-like wife with a Miss Hunter and begetting a bastard on whom, with the frightful eccentricity of the eighteenth century, he conferred their joint names in anagram: August Retnuh Reebkomp. The wretch had to take that name through Eton. George remains merely horsey in this volume which is enlivened by the funny quarrels of his tutors, who reported him good only at the strangely allied interests of "fortification and Musick." Henry's advice to his son on his travels is amusing to read: it includes everything from minding his keys to clipping and oiling his hair. And the Rev. Coxe, one of the tutors, being arch about Petrarch's Laura when he writes home to her ladyship, is the eternal curate.

"I Spy, or Europe Without Tears," by Maurice Bethel Jones (Allen and Unwin; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a spirited and exciting farce about a young lady from Sussex who becomes a spy in spite of herself. She appears, full of misgivings and important information, in France and Switzerland, is abducted by Croats, has a phase as a fake invalid and a nun. This is pleasantly iced entertainment, with some very comic secret agents in it.

(*Christmas book list: see page* iv)

DIGNITY — and — IMPUDENCE

***The M.T.T.C.**—the Mechanised Transport Training Corps —were rehearsing for a parade and inspection when the picture was taken. Two detachments of them were due to leave for France to serve with the civil authorities*

***The Cochran Chorus** appears thus in "Lights Up" at Manchester in a jibe at the Ministry of Information, their chests marked "Official Paid," their frillies enhanced by gas-mask cases. The Ministry also gets a dig in London's "Black Velvet"*

***Commandant G. M. Cook** took the salute at the Mechanised Transport Training Corps' parade (above), who are providing the first women's detachments to cross to France. Mrs. Cook formed the corps herself from the London Division of the Women's Legion*

***Volunteer D. Byng** gave his impersonation of an A.T.S. officer at the cabaret tea-party at Grosvenor House in aid of actors and actresses thrown out of work by the war. It was organised by the Actresses' Franchise League, starred Day, Delysia and Desmond as well as Byng*

Social Register

Miss Dauntsey, Mr. Harmood-Banner

Vivian Dauntsey was one of the guests at the musical evening given by Cambridge undergraduates at the Regal Cinema, Cambridge, in aid of the Red Cross Fund. George Harmood-Banner produced the show. He drums in the Cambridge Swingstars, is Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner's son, came of age last month

The Hon. Mrs. Michael Strutt

Mrs. Strutt was at the United Hunts meet at Belmont Park, N.Y., in a fur coat, a fur and velvet hat, and the flimsiest of toeless sandals on her feet. She was Arielle Fraser, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Fraser, of Toledo, Ohio, married in June the Hon. Michael Strutt, second son of Lord Belper and the Countess of Rosebery

Baroness Ravensdale

Lady Ravensdale was one of the organisers of the United Charities Christmas Fair which took place last Wednesday at the May Fair Hotel. She arranged and introduced a programme of music by a Czech orchestra, and Czech carols, folk songs and dances, in honour of St. Nicholas' Day. *(More pictures below)*

The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness and Mrs. Gunning

A stall of objets d'art and bric-à-brac was run by Mrs. Ernest Guinness and Mrs. Gunning for the Dockland Settlements at the United Charities Fair. Mrs. Guinness is the wife of the Earl of Iveagh's brother, and the mother of the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and Lady Oranmore and Browne

Mr. Cecil Parker and Lady O'Neill

Lady O'Neill opened the Christmas Fair held at the May Fair in aid of seventeen well-known charities, most of whom usually run their own bazaars and fairs at this time of year. Bootlegging with her is Cecil Parker, co-star with Delysia of "French for Love." Most of the cast of that play helped with the fun fair

Lord Cross is up at Cambridge and has joined the University unit of voluntary dispatch riders who will "assist in regional civil defence by maintaining communications in case of an emergency." Here he was receiving instructions before taking a test. He is nineteen, succeeded his father as third Viscount seven years ogo

Yvonne Macdonald is O.C., and Elizabeth Scott-Montagu is second in command, of a unit of the Mechanised Transport Training Corps which is shortly going to France to serve under the French civil authorities

Viscount Cross Takes Directions

Miss Yvonne Macdonald, the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Montagu

Lenare

Mr. John Wrightson and the Hon. Rosemary Dawson, Best Man and Bridesmaid

John Garmondsway Wrightson is the eldest son of Sir Guy Wrightson, Bt., and Lady Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington, Co. Durham. The Hon. Rosemary Dawson is the youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Dawson of Penn, of 32, Wimpole Street, W.1. They were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Peter Wrightson, the bridegroom's brother, was best man, and Susan Bowater, the bride's niece, was the only attendant

Lord and Lady Forester

Lieut.-Colonel Lord Forester and his wife (Priscilla Perrott that was) were at the Dillon—du Plessis wedding (see right). He has commanded the Royal Horse Guards since 1938: joined them in 1918

Capt. the Hon. Michael Dillon, Royal Horse Guards, and Irene Merandon du Plessis were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, with a reception at Chandos House, lent by her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Kemsley, and are honeymooning in Dorset. He is the only son of Brigadier Viscount and Viscountess Dillon, of Dawlish, Dorchester, Dorset. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Merandon du Plessis, of 97, Bryanston Court, W.1, and Whitehall, Mauritius. In the group below are the Dillons, the bridegroom and bride, the best man, Lord Sudeley, who is also in The Blues, and Mr. and Mrs. du Plessis

Parents, Bride and Bridegroom and Best Man at the Dillon—du Plessis Wedding

Sanity Fare

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

By Douglas Reed

Mechanical working-party: these Jurassic-looking machines attached to the Excavator Company, R.E., are gradually taking over the infantryman's nastiest job — digging

What Hitler Plans

A MAN who has been wrong in his forecasts so frequently as myself jumps at an opportunity to say "I was right," and I was delighted to find what I had written in "Sanity Fare" in the last three issues corroborated this week by Hitler, as quoted by Dr. Hermann Rauschning in his new book, *Hitler Speaks*.

I wrote that I did not believe in the great German attack on Britain through Holland and/or Belgium because Hitler's strategy, as I had learned it in Germany, was never to attack Britain unless France had first been weaned from her, and if the two could not be sundered and war came, to wait snug behind the West Wall for them to smash themselves to pieces on that gigantic fort.

Dr. Rauschning quotes a long talk with Hitler in 1934 in which Hitler said he was arming "to fight the West"; that "I shall do all in my power to prevent co-operation between Great Britain and France"; that "a situation might arise in which I shall risk a great war" (i.e., against France and Britain together); in that case "I shall remain on the defensive and leave it to the enemy to take the first aggressive step. When they do so, I shall seize Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian States, improve my strategic positions, and propose peace under certain guarantees. If they don't like it, they can try to drive me out."

No German Grand Offensive

AFTER this corroboration, I would even wager that the grand slam against Britain with everything that Germany has will never come. Only two eventualities now remain in which both Hitler *and* his generals might agree to risk it: (1) that Germany should find a mighty ally—for instance, Russia; (2) that Germany could so cripple this country by sea warfare that the desperate venture might be worth trying.

Peril on the Sea

CONSIDER the second possibility first. Hitler told Dr. Rauschning "Britain's might at sea is past; aircraft and submarines have turned surface fleets into the obsolete playthings of wealthy democracies."

Now I know that Hitlerist strategy at sea—and great hopes the Germans had of this—was to starve this country out by using submarines, mines and ocean-raiders (and later, aircraft). They always believed that these methods would have starved us into submission in the last war if America had not entered it, and they hoped for full success this time.

I believe our Navy has mastered or is mastering the submarines and mines, but the raiders remain, and they can wreak enormous havoc unless we are lucky. Germany has three pocket-battleships especially designed and built for ocean-raiding; they can outrun any ship that can out-gun, out-gun any ship that can outrun them, with only five exceptions—the combined British and French navies have only five ships which can both catch and destroy them, and they must first be found, and the oceans are vast.

Those Pocket Battleships

TO understand the hopes the Germans pin to ocean-raiding, you need to know that in the last war the German raider Wolf, one of many, cruised the seven seas for sixteen months, was never caught, laid hundreds of mines, sank 135,000 tons of ships, returned safely to Kiel. The Wolf was a converted passenger steamer of 6000 tons, with seven 5·9-in. guns and a top speed of 11 knots; the pocket-battleships, built specifically for this kind of sea warfare, are 10,000-ton warships with six 11-in. guns and a top speed of 26 knots.

Incidentally, I remember that British newspaper correspondents in Germany for years, from 1930 on, underlined the danger of the pocket-battleships—yet ships that could out-run and out-gun them were not built. But then, British newspaper correspondents who wrote in 1934 that Hitler's plans were those which Dr. Rauschning now reveals, were scouted as Reds and/or alarmists, and even found themselves highly unpopular in high places in London.

Russia

THOUGH we cannot *lose* now unless we make some incredible blunder, the duration and course of this war is unpredictable while Russia's intentions remain obscure.

Hitler, again, told Dr. Rauschning that if France, Britain and Russia came together "that would be the end" of his Hitlerist Reich—but it would never happen.

If it had happened, I believe there would have been no war, but who cares about that? Now, every action of Russia's tilts the scales in some incalculable way. When Hitler turned to Russia without making a full military alliance, he seemed to have made a major blunder, to have estranged potential allies, Italy, Spain and Japan, without gaining an ally. Russia appeared master of the situation. "Half-witted blunderer" was the least name that our Press called Ribbentrop.

That Bulwark Against Bolshevism Again?

NOW, Russia's attack on Finland has eased Hitler's situation again a little and given him a little room to manœuvre in again. World anger at Soviet aggression was loud and spontaneous, and some of the earliest aggressors were loudest. Immediately the Nazis began, by skilful propaganda through third parties, to put out that old and alluring suggestion, "Only Germany can save you from Bolshevism."

An astute and completely mendacious use of this dazzling phrase by Hitler, Ribbentrop and Goering did more than anything else to bring us to our present plight, and I shudder to think what might happen to us if this three-card trick were to succeed again now. The British public, by all past experience, would hardly blink if it found, between the going-down and rising of the sun, that the "War to end Hitlerism" had become a "War to end Communism." Many people in this country would relish it. The only snag is the question of Poland, Czechoslovakia and, possibly, Austria. There are men in Germany who might be ready to displace Hitler and march against Russia—yes; but their price would be the retention of Hitler's gains.

Spirit of the Troops

A RADIO feature that we might borrow from the Germans, as I think, is the *Wunschkonzert*, or "By-request concert," which is broadcast twice a week to the troops at the Front. They themselves ballot for the items, the platoon or battery or pill-box which wins is mentioned, with the names of all its officers and men, and the best singers and comedians in Germany take part. The announcer—a master of his craft—also tells the listening soldiers at the Front of the arrival of additions to their families; the number of twins, and even triplets, is astonishing.

Huns

MY colleague, A. G. Macdonell, recently criticised my objection to Mr. Churchill's use of the word "Huns"—and rightly so, for I laid myself open to misunderstanding. I had overlooked the possibility that anybody might think I, of all people, meant that "Huns" was too nasty a word! I hasten to disabuse anybody else who thought I meant that. I think much worse epithets are called for, and frequently use them. Nor have I any sympathy with the—in my view—lunatic opinion that "we are not fighting the German people"; are the Czechs and Poles being massacred and tortured by Eskimos or Martians?

No; if anyone would like some really expressive epithet for the Germans I can supply a large selection, free of charge. My only objection to "Huns" was that I thought it an out-of-date crack, as obsolete in this war as Dolly Gray, and therefore below the literary or rhetorical level of the rest of Mr. Churchill's speech.

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Lenare

Mrs. Patrick Grove

Ruth Rushforth married Patrick Grove, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Grove Annesley, of Anne's Grove, Castletown-roche, Co. Cork, last Thursday, at St. Mark's, Bexhill. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Norman Rushforth, of Lagos, Nigeria

Renée B. V. Alston, elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Francis Alston, of 10, Kensington Gate, W.8, announced her engagement in November to Captain Terance Henry O'Brian, son of the late Lieut.-Col. H. M. S. O'Brian, and Mrs. O'Brian, of Coombe, Oxon.

Harlip

Olwen Heywood Jones

Is engaged to Captain Anthony Abel Smith, 10th Royal Hussars, younger son of Col. Bertram Abel Smith, of 45, Montagu Square, W.1. She is the only daughter of the late Major Ll. Heywood Jones, and Mrs. Heywood Jones, of Wanborough, Wiltshire

Fayer

Renée Alston

Catherine Bell

Sir Lindores Leslie, Bt., and Miss Howard Thompson

Sir Henry John Lindores Leslie, Bt., 12th Royal Lancers, only son of the late Wing Commander Sir Norman Leslie, Bt., and Lady Leslie, and Diana Silva Howard Thompson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thompson, of Bishton Manor, Albrighton, Shropshire, announced their engagement in the middle of November

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Campbell — Sanderson

An Edinburgh wedding was that of Ian MacLeod Campbell, the Royal Scots, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Campbell, of 36, Dick Place, Edinburgh, and Jean Gordon Sanderson, only daughter of the late Gordon Sanderson, and Mrs. Gordon Sanderson, of 2, Mentone Gardens, Edinburgh

Gilbart-Smith — Priest

Squadron Leader Norman Gilbart-Smith, R.A.F., son of C. D. Gilbart-Smith, of Embassy Court, Cairo, and Mrs. E. Gilbart-Smith, of Latymer Court, W.1, and Diana Yvonne Priest, only daughter of Major-General and Mrs. R. Priest, of 10, Vincent Square, S.W.1, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Marden — Thorburn

John Marden, Queen's Royal Lancers, son of the late Captain J. B. N. Marden, and Mrs. Philip Gosse, of Weppons, Steyning, Sussex, and Eileen Hunter Thorburn, daughter of Major and Mrs. Hunter Thorburn, of Greystones, Peebles, were married at Peebles Old Church

Lenare

Mrs. Christopher Malim

Naomi Louise de Paula and Christopher John Malim, third son of Frederic B. Malim, former headmaster of Wellington College, and Mrs. Malim, of Myddylton House, Saffron Walden, Essex, were married on November 30th. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. de Paula, of Walden Place, Saffron Walden

Yevonde

Mrs. John M. Polk

Virginia Brand, daughter of the Hon. Robert Brand, of 61, New Cavendish Street, W.1, and Eydon Hall, Rugby, Northants, and the late Hon. Mrs. Brand, was married in New York to John Metcalfe Polk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polk, of New York. His father is a director of the Chase National Bank, hers is a director of the Bank of England, Lloyds Bank, and Lazard Bros.

Roberts — Hempson

Peter Geoffrey Roberts, only surviving son of Sir Samuel Roberts, Bt., and Lady Roberts, of Cockley Cley Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk, and Endcliffe Cottage, Sheffield, and Judith Randell Hempson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randell G. Hempson, of 60, Riverdale Road, Sheffield, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Ugaret — Senoret

Jorge Ugaret and Sibila Senoret, eldest of the four daughters of the Chilean Ambassador, Señor Don Octavio Senoret, were married at Ascot Catholic Church. Señor Ugaret is a Chilean architect, travelled home for his wedding in several ships: the Stonegate (sunk), the Deutschland, the City of Flint, and from Norway to Newcastle in a Norwegian cargo boat

Dixon — Butler

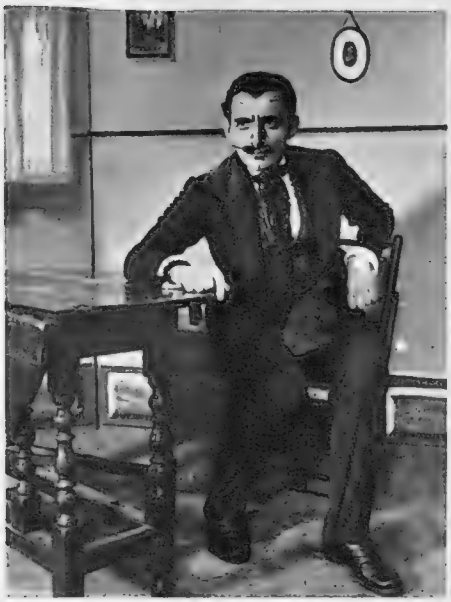
Sq.-Leader James A. Dixon, Air Attaché at the British Embassy, Madrid, son of John Dixon, of North Ormsby, Yorks., and Jeanne Therese Butler, a member of the American Embassy staff, Madrid, daughter of Mrs. Dorothy K. Butler, of Washington, D.C., were married at the American Embassy, Madrid

Vigors — Weatherby

Richard de Cliffe Vigors, the Inniskillings, and Evelyn Rosa Weatherby were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. de Cliffe Vigors, of Colne St. Denys Manor, Foss Bridge, Glos. Hers are Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Weatherby, of Frome St. Quintin, Dorchester

Crowley — Boland

Frederick Hugh Crowley, of Dancsfort, Co. Kerry, Dail Deputy for Co. Kerry, married Honor Boland at Westminster Cathedral. She is the eldest daughter of John Boland, K.S.G., of 40, St. George's Square, S.W.1, and of the late Mrs. Boland



Ramsey and Muspratt, Cambridge

The Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club Present a Melodramatic Revival: "The Streets of London"

The villain, the man who got the hiss in the A.D.C.'s theatre off Jesus Lane, rejoiced in the name of Gideon Bloodgood, a banker, and was played by Jimmy Taylor-Whitehead. The production of Dion Boucicault's mellow melodrama was by Donald Beves, tutor of King's Badger, another rich character, was played by Ian Bryce Wallace; he, with Dereck Smith (next picture), assisted Beves with the production and also sang a song during the play. New scenes were designed by R. Eden Inside the house of Puffy, a potato merchant, this group assembles: Mrs. P. (Thelma Cox), Mr. P. (Douglas Keyte), Paul Fairweather (Dereck Smith), Mark Livingstone (Walter Todds), Lucy Fairweather (Doreen Watson), Dan (Anthony Hampton). The revival was probably prompted by the success three years ago of the A.D.C.'s production of another melodrama, "Maria Marten"

Theatre News

From Cambridge and London

Prudence Hyman, Dancer, is Also V.A.D. Hyman

Prudence Hyman is the leading dancer of the Ballet Rambert season at the Duchess. Between classes, rehearsals, and performances she is taking her Red Cross training with the Chelsea mobile unit. On the left she was rehearsing the Polka in "Façade," the Ashton-Walton burlesque ballet which is also in the Sadler's Wells repertoire

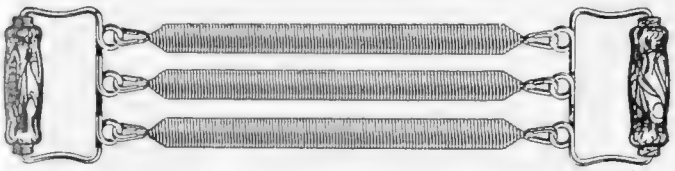
The Actors' Company

Last week at the Rudolf Steiner Hall the Actors' Company started their venture with an adaptation of "Great Expectations." The company consists of George Devine, Alec Guinness, Martita Hunt, and Vera Lindsay (herewith). Their idea is to present on a co-operative basis new plays by young authors as well as classical pieces, "as an antidote to black-out." Basil Burton manages and Motley have decorated the first production

Xmas Gifts...

by TERRY

NOW more than ever, Christmas Gifts should be chosen for their lasting value to the recipient. Here are some practical suggestions by TERRY'S. Many other presents for domestic and personal use are described and illustrated in Terry's Home "Utilities." Post coupon below for a FREE COPY.



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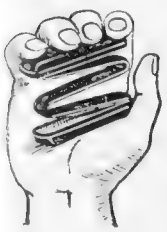

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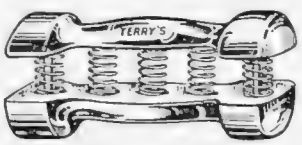

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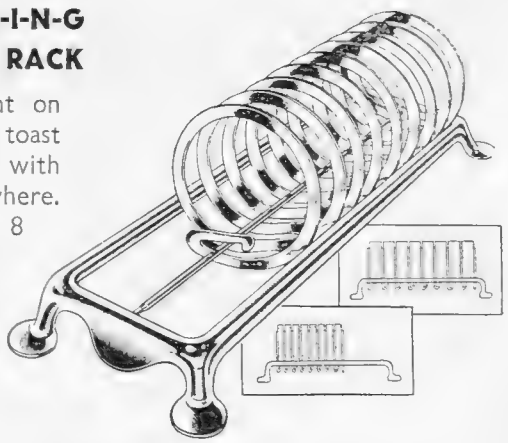
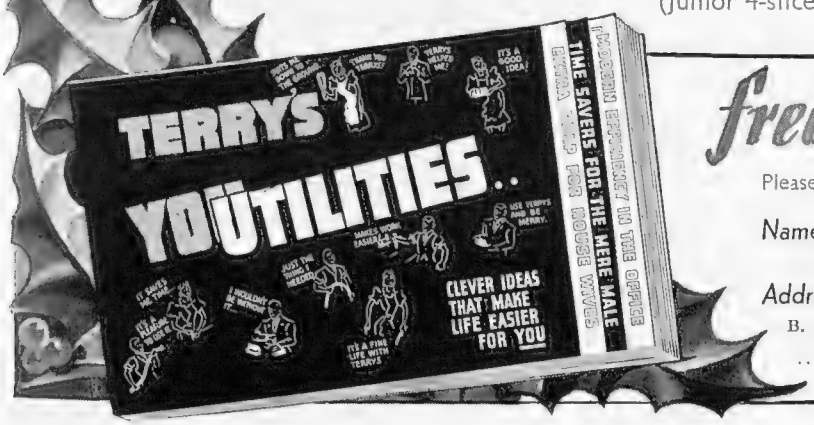
A wonderful improvement on the old-fashioned rigid toast rack. Instantly popular with hostesses and hotels everywhere. Holds **firmly** from 1 to 8 pieces of toast; thick, thin, fingers or rounds. Gleaming chromium plate needs no cleaning. **3/6** each

(Junior 4-slice model **2/9**)





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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

No Return

EVERY now and again, through all the stress of war, recollection suddenly arrives of what would have been happening now in a normal year.

The beginning of December. Yes, that spells Golf Ball at Grosvenor House, bigger and gayer every year, with its mounting thousands for St. Mary's, Paddington, Extension Fund. One recalls the great J. H. Taylor auctioning one of his mashies; a now devoted husband clouting his bride-to-be over the head at the driving competition; men in their shirt-sleeves and girls in their stockinged feet slashing wildly at the said competition, and the rapt expression of the good fellow who teed-up for them all. It feels remarkably long ago, and to do some strange war job with anybody last seen at that ball only adds to the unreality of everything.

ANOTHER activity would certainly have been the portion of golfers just now: electing new officials, including delegates to the L.G.U., and preparing resolutions for the annual general meeting of that body, to be held in February. Amazing as it seems, that last may still be the sport of the hour. Maybe weary wardens and waiting drivers will like to relieve the tedium of the night watches framing such resolutions, and their amendments, for the Ladies' Golf Union has announced, by inference, if not in so many words, that the annual general meeting will take place. Notice has been given that the annual general meeting will be asked to confirm the Executive's decision that the present officials shall remain in office until the end of the war, and that clubs shall be asked to pay a yearly subscription, during the war, of half their usual amount.

Is there the slightest chance that the fifty delegates required by standing orders to form a quorum will be forthcoming? Will Lady Astor, the President of the Union, who should take the chair, by any possibility find time for that little task among others so infinitely more important? And if fifty delegates should forgather, rubbing their eyes as they come off night duty, or dashing hurriedly in for the most urgent item on the agenda if they can get time off day shifts—what on earth are they going to say to that suggestion of making affiliated clubs pay half-subscription? Let off with half! Why should the poor wretches pay anything? They will get, during the war, absolutely nothing whatever in return, neither handicaps, competitions, championships. The whole machinery of the L.G.U. is, entirely rightly, in abeyance; why, then, should the clubs be asked to pay anything?

PRESUMABLY there is rent for the office, a matter of some £176 a year, virtually covered by the Union's dividends on investments, and certainly, when you add to that the saving on working and salaries during the last four months of this year. Delegates, if they come to the annual meeting, will want to be given some very good and hitherto unexplained reason why the Union should expect the clubs to pay them anything at all during the war. Clubs are going to have a hard enough time as it is now, when play is at a minimum, profits on catering have dropped to a trifle, if not actually an item on the debit side, and many members are forced to resign. When the war is over, and clubs are struggling to get once more on to a peace-time basis, things can hardly be much better. If clubs are asked to pay even a half-subscription now, for no return whatever, it seems likely that a large number of them will have to resign. The notion that they have been hardly dealt with now is not going to encourage them to make an effort to rejoin when things improve for them; whereas, if the Union takes a sympathetic view of their present difficulties, loyalty in the future would appear far more likely.

OF course, we shall need the L.G.U. again some day, and then it will need an income. That a great many items of expenditure will come in for drastic reduction goes without saying. That can wait. The L.G.U., too, should keep war aims and peace aims distinct. The war aims of the L.G.U. should surely be to ask for no penny that could be put to better use; to absorb the time of no woman who can do any other job whatsoever for the country. A pension scheme has for some years been a rightful part of L.G.U. finance, so that the older members of its office staff have no reason to fear a cessation of work; the younger, if they are not already on national service somewhere, can surely have no hesitation as the need for every man and woman grows greater. The honorary office-bearers, rightly left in office for the duration, are setting so splendid an example of energy that it is impossible to think they are standing in the way of every paid member of the staff serving. But if 1500 clubs are to pay subscriptions, office work there must be. Who is to do it? And why?

This is no time for unessentials.

Surrey War Workers

Mrs. M. F. Wallis, Mrs. A. Dibdin, Mrs. B. Smith, Mrs. V. G. Bryant, Mrs. R. Buckley, Mrs. C. M. Crumplin, Mrs. G. L. Brown, Mrs. D. P. Philip, Mrs. A. Blackburn, Mrs. A. Muir-Simpson, Mrs. A. C. McGowan, Mrs. M. P. Newman, and Mrs. M. B. Wilmot are members of Effingham Manor G.C. who belong to Surrey 26 Red Cross Detachment attached to the Bookham First Aid Post. The club-house is now an A.F.S. station as well as a club and dormy-house

---

November "Bystander" Spoon Results

In accordance with the arrangement announced for the present, to award spoons in each division in proportion to the number of cards received, two spoons have been awarded in the Silver Division for November, and one in the Bronze Division.

Competitors are reminded that December completes the twelve months for the Yearly Challenge Cup. The result will be announced in the BYSTANDER of January 10th.

Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. P. S. Deeth	Bombay Presidency ..	86	14	72	76	4 below
Mrs. H. Brooks	Morecambe	75	4	71	72	1 "

Bronze Division (19 and over)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. Mettam	Sale	95	25	70	73	3 below

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

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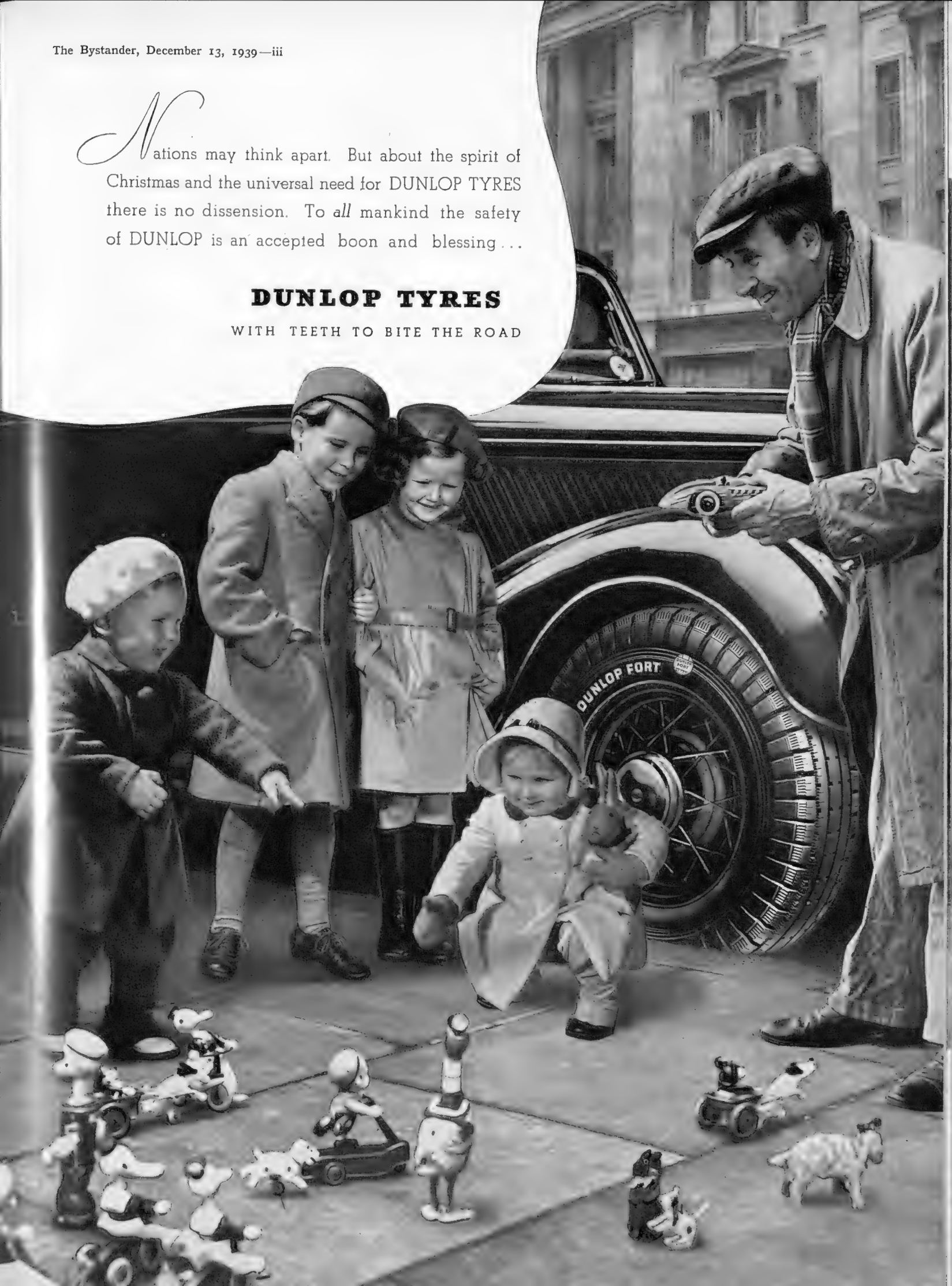
Nations may think apart. But about the spirit of Christmas and the universal need for DUNLOP TYRES there is no dissension. To *all* mankind the safety of DUNLOP is an accepted boon and blessing . . .

DUNLOP TYRES

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD



CAN did comments by Mr CAN

Whatever troubles may betide
You've full of smiles if clean inside!

Tough times like these hit us all alike — high and humble, young and old. Yet while some people are calm and cheery — how many are feeling low and care-worn? Why? Poisons in the system are their trouble—and these poisons are an added enemy just now. Get rid of them. Keep your bloodstream running clear and strong, your nerves unclouded by impurities. Take health-giving, invigorating Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every day—and keep up the fighting spirit of a Mr Can!

First thing every morning!

Pour a little Eno's into your hand, slide it into a glass of water—and up it goes! Even as you drink it you *feel* it doing you good, cleansing and refreshing your whole system. Eno's is as pure as fresh fruit. Price 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. Get a bottle to-day.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

APPLICATIONS may now be made by holders of provisional driving licences for the taking of the driving test, which will qualify them (or not, as the case may be) to dispose of that tell-tale red "L"—which can has been tied to their tails for such a long period, thanks to the interruption of driving tests consequent upon the outbreak of war. Driving tests will be resumed as from January 1st, and forms of application can now be obtained from the licensing authority responsible for issuing the provisional licence. On completion, these forms must be forwarded to the appropriate Regional Officer of the Ministry of Transport, whose address will be found on the back of the form. The R.A.C. and the A.A. have suggested to the authorities that holders of provisional licences should be granted an additional gallon of petrol for the purpose of carrying out the test.

It is also pointed out by the former body to holders of National Service driving licences that, under the conditions under which those licences are issued, they are only valid when the holder is driving a vehicle on some form of service essential to the life of the community. At all other times it is necessary for the driver to be in possession also of a provisional licence, and to comply with the regulations regarding the use of such licences. It is suggested, therefore, that holders of National Service licences should take the driving test at the earliest opportunity, and so free themselves from the present anomalous position.

YOU would almost think, wouldn't you, that by now motorists would have some fairly clear-cut notion as to what is required of them in the way of lighting requirements? Yet the confusion of regulations on this subject is such that the precise requirements are not, even now, entirely clear.

Recognising this, the R.A.C. recently summarised the regulations with which motorists are required to comply, and I give you their summary in the hope and belief that it may, once and for all time, settle any lingering doubts which may still disturb you.

First, in the matter of *side- and rear-lamps.* These are obligatory, and the aperture through which light is emitted must not be larger than two inches; the reflectors must be painted matt black, or otherwise rendered non-effective; and the glass must be partially obscured by placing behind it paper or some other uncoloured material having a density equal to that of two sheets of newspaper. Alternatively, a thin coat of paint to obtain the same effect is permissible. Any windows at the side, rear, or top of side-lamps must be completely obscured, and also the clear window at the side of the rear-lamp which illuminates the number-plate.

Stop-lights. These are permitted, provided the area of the aperture through which light is emitted does not exceed one square inch. This aperture has to be partially obscured in the manner which has been described for side- and rear-lamps.

Direction indicators. The transparent panels must be treated in a manner which restricts the light to an arrow-shaped window having arms not exceeding one-eighth of an inch in width.

Head-lamps. The new official three-slit standard mask for head-lamps is not yet compulsory, and will not be until adequate supplies are available. It may be utilised, however, and can be fitted to either the near- or off-side head-lamp. Where this mask is not employed, the existing regulations require that the bulb must be removed from the off-side lamp. Behind the glass of the near-side lamp must be fitted an opaque cardboard disc in which is cut a semi-circular aperture two inches in diameter, with the base uppermost. The centre of the base must coincide with the centre of the lamp. The lower part of the reflector must be blacked-out by means of black cardboard, black paper, or two coats of matt black paint, up to a distance of half an inch above the centre line of the reflector. Head-lamps must be extinguished during the period of an air-raid warning.

Combined head- and side-lamps. Certain types of cars are fitted with combined head- and side-lamps. In this case, the off-side lamp is treated as a side-lamp after the main bulb has been removed. The "dim" bulb is retained. The glass should then be screened or blackened off to a diameter of two inches, the reflector rendered non-effective, and the aperture through which light is emitted partially obscured in a manner similar to that prescribed for side- or rear-lamps.

Fog-lamps. An unscreened fog-lamp is permitted, provided it is additional to the ordinary head-lamps, is operated by a separate switch, and is fitted below the head-lamp level. The beam must be directed downwards and towards the near-side. The use of a fog-lamp is only permitted when fog is so thick that progress without it is impracticable. The police may direct that a fog-lamp shall be extinguished if, in their opinion, the conditions do not render its use imperative. Such lamps must be switched off immediately on an air-raid warning being received.

And, finally, a word about *bumpers.* Matt white paint must be applied to bumpers and to the edges of running-boards, or to equivalent positions on vehicles where this requirement is inapplicable.

A good 'opening' for all 'parties'

See the smiles as the parcels of Player's are opened ... See how cheeriness prevails with Player's around ... See that your Cigarettes are Player's; their fine flavour, distinctive fragrance and reliable quality make them the best 'opening' for all 'parties' everywhere.

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Morning Shopping

(*Continued from page 330*)

no means an orderly one. He told his man to "tell Mrs. Northwick that I am in my bath and will call her back in ten minutes," which will show her, he mused, that I am not entirely at the mercy of her every whim. Pauline was properly nettled at this message but, thinking that Julian might have some excuse for this petulant demonstration, she was sweetness itself when he finally did speak to her and she gave him a full account of the dullness of her sister's dinner-party, to which he showed a very proper sympathy.

On his way to lunch Julian visited two shops. The first was a theatrical emporium which he was in the habit of patronising on the annual occasion of his requiring a fancy dress; the second was the same chemist to which he had gone on the previous night. The result of these purchases was that Pauline received a parcel by special messenger just as she was preparing to go out. Since she was already late, she did not trouble to open it until she returned in the evening. She was then surprised and indignant to find several preparations neatly packed together with certain leaflets of the your-best-friend-won't-tell-you variety; and being a lady of impeccable fastidiousness, she was not unnaturally grossly insulted. Verifying the shop from which this anonymous gift had been sent, she instructed her maid to put through a call, adding that she herself would speak when the connection had been made.

"I think that you must have made a mistake," she told the assistant. "I did not order anything from you." She was assured that no error had been made. A gentleman had come in that morning and had given instructions for the delivery of the goods.

"What did the gentleman look like? Did he leave his name?" Pauline demanded. No, the gentleman had left no name, but he was tall and dark and, "come to think of it," the assistant added, "he was wearing a monocle." Pauline thanked him and replaced the receiver. So he was wearing a monocle, was he? . . .

TONY never understood why Pauline refused to meet him again, nor why her maid always told him she was not at home when he telephoned to her. He saw her frequently with Julian Brankton, but she always appeared to be completely unconscious of his existence.

THE END.

Books for Christmas

Mrs. Miniver. Jan Struther. (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*)
Searchlights and Nightingales. Robert Lynd (Y.Y.). (Dent; 6*s.*)
Country Notes. V. Sackville West. (Michael Joseph; 10*s.* 6*d.*)
The Bedside Book. (Gollancz; cheap edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*)
Country Matters. Written and engraved by Clare Leighton. (Gollancz; 5*s.*)

For Children

Horsemen All. Major-Gen. Geoffrey Brooke. (Constable; 5*s.*)
Animal Stories. Walter de la Mare. (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*)
The Bird Talisman. Henry Allen Wedgwood. Illustrated by Gwen Raverat. (Faber; 6*s.*)
The Wednesday Pony. Primrose Cumming. (Blackie; 5*s.*)
The Youngest Camel. Kay Boyle. (Faber; 3*s.* 6*d.*)
The Big Goose. Meindert de Jong. (Heinemann; 5*s.*)
Araminta Popkins' Prue. Vere Latham Baillieu. (Heath Cranton; 5*s.*)
In His Little Black Waistcoat. Kiddell Monroe. (Longmans; 5*s.*)

Christmas Cards

THE Christmas-card selection is, rather surprisingly, as big, as attractive, and as varied in price as ever. Big stores and small intelligent bookshops are carrying fine stocks. A newcomer in this market is Batsford (North Audley Street), who have reproduced really lovely cards from mediæval illuminated manuscripts, and from paintings by famous artists, ranging in price from 4d. to 8d. Country dwellers should send for the illustrated catalogue. Raphael Tuck as usual have a huge selection of cards, calendars and games. And as usual the Ward Gallery have one of the best and most original collections of modern cards.

A Correction

We regret that in our issue of November 22nd (page 232) we gave the Christian name of Michael to Mr. Martin Miles, a member of the Sadler's Wells School of Acting.

THE CRIPCOTE

A heart-warming present for Friends in the Services

Letters are received daily from the B.E.F. and the R.N. asking for more and more of these waistcoats to be sent out.

Men and women on active service find them a real comfort. They fit exactly under a uniform jacket. In suède and pig grain

Prices from £3-17-6

ROBERT DOUGLAS
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WOMEN MUST WORK!

AMAZING to think that only an hour ago this suave, elegant figure, clad in overalls, was wrestling with a stubborn wheel and a jack that fell short of the back axle by a good two inches.

This afternoon she was doing a man's job but tonight she is deliciously feminine. Tomorrow she will need a clear head and a steady hand and that is why she insists on gin and Rose's Lime Juice tonight — and because she still values the slim figure of her pre-war days.

SEE THAT IT'S MADE WITH ROSE'S

Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda

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London Nights

Wartime Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

Grosvenor House

Foie gras for special occasions

If you ring up Grosvenor House around tea-time any day, for the moment your call is going through you may hear strains of pleasant dance music. That will be the tea-dancing that is a new and most popular feature of the G.H. hospitality. Josephine Bradley is your hostess. Sydney Lipton plays your music. They lay you a portable dance floor in that huge lounge. It costs you 2s. 6d., except at week-ends, and then it's 4s. 6d. It goes on from 4.30 to 6.30, and it's a very smart function; so go in your best and with your best.

Charles, who was in charge at the Tudor Grill, is now officiating in the Restaurant. In the evenings there you will find peace for good feeding, good dancing and good talking. The price for dinner or supper is a mere 12s. 6d.; and folk in uniform find fattish concessions marked off their bills unasked at the end.

Christmas and the New Year are going to be big bangs. Dancing, gala, cabaret, "favours," and evening dress or uniforms essential. Christmas and Boxing Nights, 25s.; New Year's Eve, 2½ guineas. On that night they are serving you from what was possibly the last consignment of pâté de foie gras from Strasburg before luxury food imports were made prohibitive. What you don't eat that night, will be kept on special "ice" till Peace Night! Book your tables.

The May Fair

Christmas gifts for all

The May Fair's got Ambrose! Ambrose is to be at the May Fair! Where's Ambrose? Gone to the May Fair! You want Ambrose; the May Fair 's got him! You can ring the changes on the slogans. But that's the truth. Ambrose, with all his boys, and Evelyn Dall as well, is to be at the May Fair from the 22nd of this month. And long may he remain.

With Ferraro there already, it sounds like Pelion on Ossa. But what a draw the two will be! Talk about "going to town": you mean going to the May Fair. There'll be a cabaret, too, every night, and that superb comfort and service which Ferraro guarantees. It is pretty sure there will be tables set right back into the lounge to take the crowds.

Book early for the gala nights. Christmas and Boxing Nights are to be 25s. New Year's Eve, 42s.; and you can bet that false noses, paper hats, streamers and seasonable giftes for the ladyes will be lavished abroad.

The Restaurant looks gayer than ever these days. The young and the fair are making it their haven of peace and plenty. They don't throw bread about exactly. But they do feel that this is their special stamping-ground.

Prunier's

A present for the Front

So many of the regular customers of Prunier's in St. James's Street are with the English and French forces, and will be spending Christmas in anonymous districts, that it is only fair that Madame Prunier should have made up parcels of special Prunier Specials for you and their other friends to send over to them, whether they are in France, or in England, or down on the sea in ships.

What about one of these? Bouillabaisse, Homard à l'Américaine, Pâté de Lièvre, Pâté de Lapereau. Just give Prunier's your order, the address, the name and the price; and your choice will go and find the lucky man for Christmas. The Bouillabaisse and Lobster (12s. 6d. a tin, enough for 3 and 2) have only to be heated for the feast—and there's his feast. The Pâtés (6s. 6d. a tin, enough for 4) naturally require no heating. None of these four is in any sense "preserved." On the lid of the canister containing each is a date printed, before which the delicacies should be devoured.

N.B.—Go along and send off your list now. You know it takes a longish time for parcels to reach their warrior destinations.

Otherwise Prunier's is its own charming self. The Black-Out Dinner (4 courses, including oysters, 10s. 6d.) is a vast favourite.

CHRISTMAS AND
NEW YEAR ARRANGEMENTS
at the
May Fair Hotel
BERKELEY SQUARE, W.1. MAYfair: 7777

AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
featuring EVELYN DALL
FROM FRIDAY, 22nd DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS DAY
GALA DINNER, DANCING AND CABARET 25/-

BOXING DAY
GALA DINNER, DANCING AND CABARET 25/-

NEW YEAR'S EVE
GALA DINNER, AND DANCING
FOLLOWED BY SPECIAL CABARET 42/-

KINDLY RESERVE YOUR TABLES EARLY
Restaurant Manager:—F. FERRARO
APPROVED GAS PROOF AIR RAID SHELTER

PRUNIER
ON SERVICE, TOO!

Bouillabaisse
1 portion - 4/6
3 portions - 12/6

Homard à l'Américaine
2 portions - 12/6
5 portions - 30/-

Pâté de Lapereau
4 portions - 6/6

Pate de Lièvre
4 portions - 6/6

Relatives and friends of those serving can now send Prunier specialities, packed to arrive fresh, to any of the Forces. Prunier's do everything for you. Just choose, send your cheque, and they will see to packing, labelling and dispatch at no extra cost.

These are not preserved—they are delicacies as served at Prunier's—and must be eaten before the date printed on the tin. Please order 48 hours ahead.

72 ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1 Reg. 1373

CUSENIER's
LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below:
FREEZOMINT
The leading brand of
CRÈME de MENTHE
APRICOT BRANDY
CRÈME de CACAO

Saint Regis

MAYFAIR'S
Finest, Most Modern, Most Economical
HOTEL

ACCOMMODATION: 175 Suites each having its own shower, telephone, spacious wardrobes, luggage room and refrigerator. The beds are specially comfortable. Charges are moderate.

SPECIAL TERMS: The following special terms have been arranged for members of His Majesty's Services:

Single Suites (bed sitting-room and private bathroom) . . . 10/6 per day
Double Suites . . 15/- per day

THE ST. REGIS RESTAURANT is famous for the excellence of its cuisine and cellar. "Dini", the famous maitre d'Hotel, will look after you.

THE ST. REGIS COCKTAIL BARS (both of them) know all about cocktails.

There are two SQUASH COURTS.

Every night, except Sundays, there is dancing to Harry Boleno's Orchestra, and a cabaret—a cabaret rather more entertaining than any other in London. So book a table, please. It would be too bad if you had to go away without seeing it.

The
ST. REGIS HOTEL
Manager: Captain A. Birley, M.M.
CORK ST. & OLD BURLINGTON ST.
LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: Regent 4030 (15 lines)

The wines and the food, the comfort and the service are an international boon. Christmas and the New Year will be just as usual, and no unusual prices, either.

Hatchett's

Swing session

I WONDER if I am right in thinking that the best touchstone of the way that Hatchett's is going these days is this: one of their feature-artists recently has been Stephane Grappelly, the violinist of the Hot Club Quintette de France. He stood up in black amid the cream jackets of Arthur Young's "Hatchett's Swingtet," and he stroked a rhythm out of his strings that filled the dance floor instantaneously, and had most of the momentarily non-dancing diners swaying slightly, and probably unconsciously, in their chairs or on their sofas.

Devotees of modern swing should know about Hatchett's of an evening. Arthur Young and his newly formed sextet are doing great things—their general plan is to play a small but perfect repertoire, the favourites of the years and a few of the newest favourites of to-day.

Boscasso has his hands full trying to get the crowds well-bestowed. The Services, who have known Hatchett's since Sandhurst, Dartmouth or whathaveyou days, thoroughly approve the new spirit of its evenings. It doesn't cost them much, and Boscasso is their friend, and they meet each other, and they bring their girls, and the music and everything is so much above what the price warrants that everybody 's happy.

Oddenino's

"Eyes right!"

THIS will appear too late to tell you that you can go and hear Vic Oliver at Oddenino's Restaurant. He was there for three hectic nights last week. He 'll probably be back again pretty soon. But meanwhile there 's always somebody good on the daïs after the theatre; and there 's always good dance music, played by a good band for good dancers. It is always a pleasant surprise to me when I go to Oddenino's to see how very well people do dance here.

No, you needn't change. Of course not, these days. The Air Force blue seems to predominate among the many uniforms. (There 's 10 per cent. off your bill without question if you 're in uniform.) M. Biery is the big white chief of the whole hotel—and his name is one to conjure with. He has known some of the Oddenino's patrons since their fathers were so high. He is known as a friend to hundreds of the families in the country who would never stay anywhere in London except at Oddenino's. The stage knows Oddenino's, and M. Biery from long and friendly acquaintance.

And M. Biery is insistent that this friendly spirit shall carry on through, from headwaiter to newcomer in the restaurant. To dance in the evening you are supposed to have an 8s. 6d. dinner or supper. But, well, that 's not strict. You go there to enjoy yourself, and if you 're not hungry, well, why pay 8s. 6d.?

Other points? Yes. Ronald Frankau is to be there on New Year's Eve. And for the week following. Tea-dance, 2s. 6d., on Saturdays and Sundays; 3s. 6d. lunches every day. And pleasant memories always.

The St. Regis

Captain Birley

THE cabarets in the Restaurant of the St. Regis these last few weeks have been enormously successful combinations of organisation and impromptu. To account for the latter is the fact that most of the star turns of the London stage are friends of the restaurant, and of the big boss of the whole St. Regis outfit, Captain Birley. So as like as not you 'll get the organised item followed by Jack Doyle or the Crazy Gang or such headliners popping up from a ringside table.

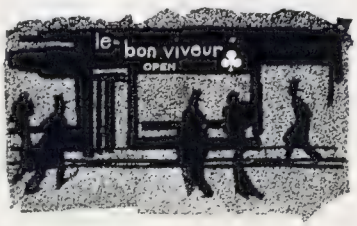
The room may have undergone extensive changes by the time you read this. Captain Birley has plans of extending to meet the new crowds, and, when last I saw him, they were about in the blue-print stage. But, enlarged or as it is, it is a good room for revel or rest, dancing or dining, lunching or lounging.

Dini is the man to make your friend. Young and very slim as great restaurateurs go; but he 's got everything that great restaurateurs have, and Dini is going to be a name. Let him choose your meals and your wines if you are feeling lazy. He 'll make no mistakes, and you 'll like the final bill. Ask him what

he 's got under the covers for Christmas and New Year's Eve. He may divulge. It is certain to be something of moment.

There is a happy, friendly atmosphere about the whole staff, and the whole place, which makes gala-entertainment a special feature well worth including yourself in on. That 's a good sentence!

Le Bon Viveur



Light in the darkness

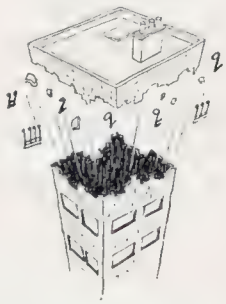
"Bon Viveur. Open." It 's a cunning little sign that Davico has had placed in his portals, to shine out in the darkness, clearly, but without contravention of the statutes; telling the hungry and the benighted to come in.

The Bon Viveur rises above black-outs, and it does a great little job in counteracting war-time gloom. It goes on quietly giving its members as good foods and wines as their hearts can desire, in "intimate" surroundings and great comfort. At lunch-time you 're lucky if you can go straight in to a table after 1.15, unless you 've booked it in advance. So wait a few minutes in the Rabbit Bar and have a cocktail while you order your meal. In the evenings, dinner-time being different for different people, you will probably find a table. Later you may like to dance, and the tiny dance floor will be de-carpeted, the band ensconced up there in the eyrie.

Whatever the time, or the occasion, or the state of world affairs, you will never regret the small membership fee that entitles you to take your place among the Good Livers.

If you want to know Christmas and New Year arrangements, you 'd better check up with Davico.

The New Queen's



Raising the roof

Downstairs here, in tavern cool, you have your recipe for informal well-being. Most of the New Queen's devotees (and they are that) know it for its evening attractions. Because it 's then that the noise starts, and boy meets girl and George spots Henry ("Heavens, Henry 's a captain now!"; "Jove, look at young George's girl!") across the room. And Java is playing luscious melodies on his violin, and first a couple, then a table, then a side of the room, and then the whole place is bursting out singing, with none of the undertones of war, you 'd say, that Sassoon had in his verse.

Beer is the staple drink, and steaks and savouries the viandage. There is no dancing, but you can, in perfect contentment, smoke a pipe. And you can come in grey bags and battle bowler if you like. And you can stay, and learn to love humanity's cheerful face, till well on past your bedtime. The only thing is, naturally, that it 's pretty full, and you mustn't blame the management if you can't find a table.

Lunch is quieter. Salads, omelettes, or steaks again. Beer or wines and the brandy of the house. It 's all very handy both before and after the many cinemas that cluster round Leicester Square, and comfort, service and contentment are assured.

La Coquille

Service for the Services

Business as usual over Christmas week, that 's what M. Pagès has ordained for La Coquille, and that 's what it 's going to be. It would certainly be a bad day for St. Martin's Lane if a band started playing for dancing behind the Coquille swing doors.

No. La Coquille needs no further lures to get in new customers, nor to bind its present friends to it. In spite of the war, business has been pretty good lately. And though Pagès gets very little opportunity to be there himself, he is pleased, rightly, with the way things are going.

Since Pagès went across to the French Embassy at the beginning of the war, it has become increasingly plain how good a "team" of people he had working with him. The place goes like clockwork still, and is still improving. Lovely foods and excellent little wines, on carafe or by bottle. Lobsters, oysters, shell-fish of all sorts: you will see them in proud display on the "sit-up" counter on the ground floor (there are three rooms on as many levels). And, just now, crackling celery and memorable cheeses. "Langoustes" for those lucky enough to like them.

And, of course, a great gathering always of the Services with their ladies. The stage and literary world still make it one of their special homes, whether they are soldiers now or not. I could mention names. But I don't. You 'll see them if you go there. But they don't come to La Coquille to be seen.

London's Antidote to the Blackout

Oddenino's

HOTEL . RESTAURANT . BRASSERIE

"The Centre of the World"

Although Eros no longer disports upon his pedestal, Oddenino's remains to uphold the gaiety of the famous Circus.

Star Cabaret and Dancing nightly in the Restaurant to Roy Wallis and his Orchestra.

100 modern bedrooms, each with separate bathroom, 'phone and central heating.

A.R.P. Ample shelter accommodation 40 ft. below ground.

(Special Note: Officers and men of His Majesty's Forces receive a special 10% discount)

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS . LONDON . W.1

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SATISFACTION!

"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

Obtainable at all leading Hotels and Restaurants

ARTHUR YOUNG

at the **NOVACHORD** *with his Swing Sextette are playing for your Dancing at*

HATCHETT'S

featuring **STEPHANE GRAPPELLY,** *world-famous Swing Violinist, formerly of the Hot Club Quintette de France, and* **BERYL DAVIS.**

From 8.30 p.m. to Morning. Inclusive Charge 8/6 with Supper.

OPEN AS USUAL FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER

RING BOSCASSO, HATCHETT'S, PICCADILLY, W.1

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La Coquille

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS

Oysters. Shell Fish.

Fish and Light Wines.

79, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2.

Tem. Bar 8768. CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

le bon Vivenr club

SHEPHERD MARKET MAYFAIR

Telephone : Gros: 1150

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Shepherd's

A Rendezvous IN Shepherd's Market For LUNCHEON and DINNER

CARRS IN MAYFAIR GRO 3017

Café de l'Europe

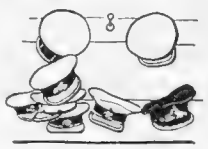
Guitter and his violin

THEY'VE got a most attractive band at the Café de l'Europe now. Guitter's Gypsies. A little group arranged on a daïs on the left as you come in from Leicester Square, playing away in swagger silk blouses, and following the bow of Guitter himself. Guitter, who has played so well and in such important surroundings; whose scrapbook contains programmes with Kreisler's and Chaliapin's names on them, too. Guitter is a charming and cheery influence in the new life of this charming and cheery restaurant. He plays at tea-time from Wednesday till Sunday, inclusive, and every night of the week till 11.30 p.m. No dancing. Just a place to come into for a good meal at a most reasonable price. I recommend their steaks from frequent experience. And Guitter is his own best recommendation.

Christmas and the New Year will bring little change to the ordinary arrangements of the Café de l'Europe. I would advise you to ring them up and find out plans when you are making yours. But if you leave your decision till the end, and find yourself at liberty on the evenings in question, well, go along to the Café, and all will be very much to your liking and your pocket.

Remember that 2s. 6d. lunch, with a long choice of forty dishes.

The Shepherd's Tavern



The War House finds peace

IN a way it is surprising to find how many of the officers who work by day or night in Whitehall—at the War Office, Admiralty or Air Ministry—have discovered this pleasant little Mayfair pub. for meals "away from it all." If spies read this and hope to come and listen-in to their table talk, they will be disappointed in one thing only. The gentlemen in uniform don't seem to talk shop. They discuss the food, perhaps—or their last day's fishing, or the latest show that they have only time to read reviews of. So the spy will be forced to turn his own attention to his own food. Which won't be a difficulty, because it is always well worth attention.

Mr. Tomsett, who runs the Shepherd's Tavern, is as keen on the cooking upstairs as he is on the perfect service of drinks downstairs. Lovely steaks and cutlets, and excellent single s'prize dishes for lunch every day. A short but good wine list. And very important, a very reasonable bill at the end.

The Shepherd's Tavern is at the corner of two little streets, behind the Curzon Cinema. It is a landmark in Shepherd's Market, and, apart from the uniforms of these wartime days, a good and popular eating-place for the smart but not too wealthy of this smart but not too wealthy corner of the West End.

Pastori's

THIS is the new name for the Mario Grill off Leicester Square, and it is next to the Mario-Plaza Hotel, which is the new name for the New Plaza Hotel.

This minor revolution in the catering of cinema-land came about officially only two days ago, when a cocktail party in the new American Bar downstairs inaugurated the restaurant. The man behind it is Charles Pastori, who, after ten and a half years as manager of the restaurant at Grosvenor House, is setting up here on his own.

The watchword in Pastori's is good food, moderate prices: for instance, there's "The Seven o'Clock," a full theatre-dinner at 7s. 6d. (with a telescoped 5s. version); at lunch there is always choice of three or four ample but top-line plats du jour. The chef: Sacco, late of the Monseigneur and London Casino. The décor: pale unembellished walls, glow lighting, maroon plush bench-seating, white and gold linen and crockery. The whereabouts: St. Martin's Street, which runs out of the Square by the Leicester Square Cinema.

EDAX.

PASTORI'S RESTAURANT

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LEICESTER SQ., W.C.1

OPENED DECEMBER 12.

This Restaurant is central for Theatres and Cinemas. Specialists in food and wine, also the "7 o'clock"

'Phone : Whitehall 8641

GIVE perfection THIS XMAS

THE PERFECT STAND

THE PERFECT PIPE

You'll receive double thanks for this fine gift! The famous "Kennett" briar with the unique drilled and serrated bowl is the coolest, sweetest smoking pipe you can buy. The chromium-plated stand for home or office will delight any pipe man's heart! Obtainable from Army & Navy Stores, Harrods, etc., or write for illustrated Catalogue to

J. A. KENNETT, LTD., 9-13, Tottenham Street London, W.1.

KENNETT pipe 10/6 AND stand 2/6

1,165

poor boys and girls are in the Society's care. Will you help to maintain and train this large family?

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

(Founded 1843)

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

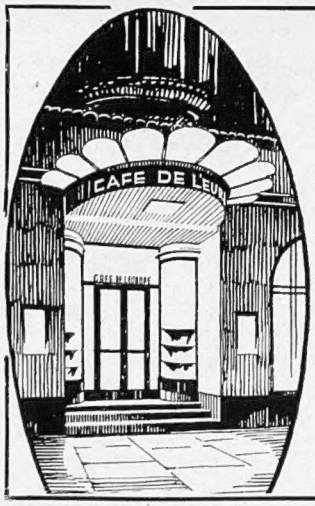
Stop that COLD with VAPEX

V193

WELCOME ALWAYS · KEEP IT HANDY

The drink that cheers and warms

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY



In the Heart of Cinemaland

A succession of superb dishes, aristocratically served in an atmosphere of quiet charm and good taste.

Lunch 2/6.
Dinners and Teas.
Suppers till Midnight.
Gipsy Band.

Café de l'Europe

LEICESTER SQUARE

★ OPEN AS USUAL

THE NEW Queens BRASSERIE

FULLY LICENSED FOR LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

Music by Java and his Orchestra.

NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

The ideal liqueur to sip after dinner . . . its intriguing flavour appeals to men and women alike. Drambuie was first made in the Isle of Skye in 1745 and has since achieved world-wide popularity. It is the perfect restorative and possesses valuable digestive properties

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

10 YEARS OLD PADDY

This fine old Irish whisky, mellowed and softened by ten well-spent years in the wood, is the choice of the connoisseur at home and abroad, thanks to its uniform quality and absolute purity. Ask for "Paddy" next time. It's bottled only by the distillers.

CORK DISTILLERIES CO. LTD., CORK, IRELAND

The ideal wartime Christmas Gift

What with black-out nights and stuffy rooms, high winds and dimmed lighting, everybody's eyes have been facing double the normal strain. Give your friends a jar of Optrex Eye Masks and help them to enjoy Christmas and the New Year, free from all those little eye aches and smartings which are the result of war-time eyestrain. The masks are packed in a very attractive glass container, streamlined in the modern manner to grace the most stylish dressing-table.

The masks themselves are made of a special material, impregnated with a lotion based on the Optrex formula. They fit right over the eyes, the bridge of the nose and the temples—thus ensuring the penetration of the lotion at all vital points. They smooth away crowsfeet and soothe the nerves, leaving the eyes looking their best. Your Chemist sells them. *Price 4/6 a jar of twelve masks—a most moderate price for such a welcome gift.*

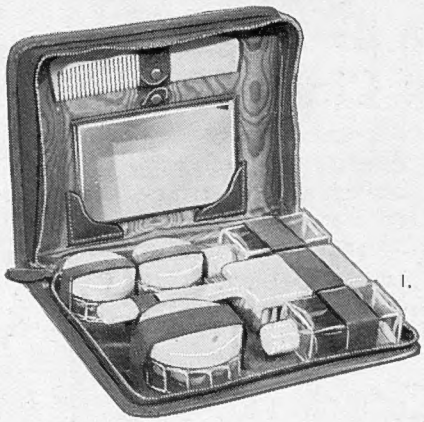
OPTREX BRAND

Eye Masks

for beautifying... for refreshing...quickly

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

Post Orders receive prompt and careful attention.



1.

Gifts - - -

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

2.

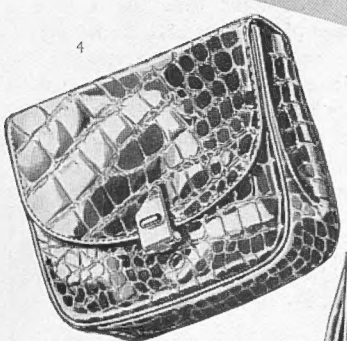
1. Ladies' inexpensive dressing - case, with zip closing and white mounted fittings. In green, blue and red morocco. Size 9¼×7¼×1⅞ ins. 22/6

2. Chiffon evening handkerchief, with self-colour hand-embroidered initial. In red, white, blue, pink, peach, turquoise; also black with white embroidery. Each 7/6

3.

3. Bath salts and dusting powder in novelty box. Perfumed with rose, geranium, jasmine or golden orchid 9/6

4. Crocodile afternoon thumb - loop pochette, fitted fixed purse and slit pocket. In cedar, wine, navy, black and dark green. Size 8×6½ ins. 63/-



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Catalogue of Christmas Gifts sent on request.

5. Crocodile utility bag with slit back pocket, lined suède, divided inner frame, also zip pocket. In black or cedar. Size 11×8 ins., base 4 ins. 6½ gns.

5.

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams, Ltd.)

Christmas Night

Gala Dinner
Cabaret
Dancing
25/-

Boxing Night

Gala Dinner
Cabaret
Dancing
25/-

FESTIVITIES COMMENCE 8.30 EACH EVENING

New Year's Eve

COMMENCING 9 P.M.

Special Gala Dinner
Cabaret, Dancing
— and a surprise at midnight!

52/6

SPECIAL SOUVENIR GIFTS TO EVERY LADY

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At the festive season

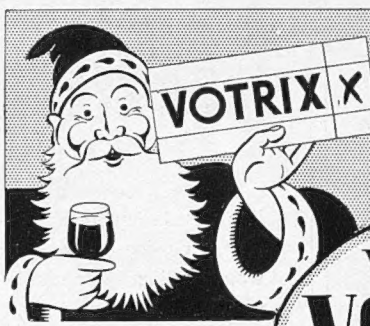
Grosvenor House

is in its gayest and most exciting mood!

SYDNEY LIPTON AND HIS BAND • SPECIAL AIR RAID SHELTERS • EVENING DRESS OR SERVICE UNIFORM

Book your tables NOW

The Restaurant Manager · Grosvenor House · Park Lane · W·1 · GRO 6363



In the 'present' case vote for VOTRIX VERMOUTH

● Votrix is a natural, full-strength wine, made in the same way and with the same ingredients as the Vermouths from the Continent—but Votrix is produced in Britain and that is why its price shows such a welcome saving. Vote for Votrix this Christmas—it's a very pleasant way —and profitable way of "buying British."

SEE WHAT YOU SAVE

ITALIAN STYLE (*Sweet*) Large Bottle **3/9**

FRENCH STYLE (*Dry*) Large Bottle **4/3**

If any difficulty in obtaining please write to the producers, who will send you a copy of "Cocktails with a plus" the Votrix recipe book.

Produced and Bottled by VINE PRODUCTS LTD. KINGSTON, SURREY.

GRANT'S Scotch WHISKY

Aged • Of Rare Mellowne11 • Subtle Bouquet •

BY HOST • BY GUEST • BY ALL PREFERRED!

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND. *London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch, Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., 153, Regent Street, W.1.*

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as given the greatest relief
millions of ASTHMA sufferers.

ASTHMA

"The best thing in my experience was...HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE. It never failed." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes
In his book, "100 days in Europe."

HIMROD'S CURE

Pintail SHERRY

The Perfect Aperitif

DRY, BUT NOT TOO DRY

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:—

Matthew Gloag & Son, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

BISCUIT MAKERS
TO HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

Butter and Shortbread

The best table butter is used in making

CRAWFORD'S FAMOUS
SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

In War time the stocks of best table butter must be carefully kept for the family larder.

The Proprietors of Crawford's Biscuits very much regret to intimate that they are, therefore, unable to make

Crawford's Shortbread

CRAWFORD'S BISCUITS ARE
STILL OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

The Bystander,
December 13, 1939

For WONDERFUL hands

WHY HIDE YOUR HANDS?

USE Crême Shalimar and be proud of them! It keeps them in perfect condition. Crême Shalimar is for those who want hands of refinement, culture and charm. Well-kept hands always arrest attention; they excite admiration whether at work or play—knitting or needlework, pouring out the tea, playing bridge, arranging flowers. Your hands are always in the limelight. There is no greater beauty than that of fascinating, smooth white hands.
For overcoming the effects of weather and exposure, removing any roughness and redness, Crême Shalimar is the Winter necessity.

DUBARRY'S CRÈME SHALIMAR

FOR SMOOTH WHITE HANDS

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From Chemists and Stor